THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

REVIEW.

The Birds of Scotland, with Other Poems. By James Graham. Edinburgh. 1806. pp. 246.

AS lovers of Nature, we have been much gratified by this volume; as lovers of Poetry, very little. The author is a man of much observation; but his poetic pretensions are humble: He is a benefactor to poetry in the quantity of new materials which he has assembled together; he is original in his facts, but not in his imagination. He is, as indeed the very title of his poem indicates, a naturalist, and not a poet; and, he would have done well to write in prose: in his poem, the pleasure we derive from his descriptions is incessantly destroyed by the inharmoniousness of his numbers, the imperfections of his style, and the poverty of his thoughts.

The passage below derives an interest from the light it throws upon the origin of superstitions. Man, surrounded with dangers, is always fearful; and, ignorant, always disposed to believe that every part of nature is employed in attending to his fate:

'While thus the heathfowl covey, day by day,
Is lessened, till, perhaps, one drooping bird
Survives,—the PLOVER safe her airy scream
Circling repeats, then to a distance flies,
And, querulous, still returns, importunate;
Yet still escapes, unworthy of an aim.
Amid the marsh's rushy skirts, her nest
Is slightly strewn; four eggs, of olive hue,
Spotted with black, she broods upon: her young,
Soon as discumbered of the fragile shell,
Run lively round their dam. She, if or dog,
Or man, intrude upon her bleak domain,
Skims, clamouring loud, close at their feet, with wing
Stooping, as if impeded by a wound;
Meantime her young, among the rush-roots, lurk
Secure. Ill-omened bird! oft in the times
When monarchs owned no sceptre but the sword,
Far in the heathy waste, that stretches wide
From Avendale to Loudon's high-coned hill,
Thou, hovering o'er the panting fugitive,
Through dreary moss and moor, hast screaming led
The keen pursuer's eye: oft hast thou hung,
Like a death flag, above the assembled throng,
Whose lips hymned praise, their right hands at their hilts;
Who, in defence of conscience, freedom, law,
Looked stern, with unaverted eyes, on death
In every form of horror. Bird of wo!
Even to the tomb thy victims, by thy wing,
Were haunted; o'er the bier thy direful cry
Was heard, while murderous men rushed furious on,
Profaned the sacred presence of the dead,
And filled the grave with blood. At last, nor friend,
Nor father, brother, comrade, dares to join
The train, that frequent winds adown the heights.
By feeble female hands the bier is borne,
While on some neighbouring cairn the aged sire
Stands bent, his gray locks waving in the blast.
But who is she that lingers by the sod,
When all are gone? 'Tis one who was beloved
By him who lies below: Ill-omened bird!
She never will forget, never forget,
Thy dismal southing wing, and doleful cry.' p. 16.

Whose lips hymned praise, their right hands at their hilts. p. 18. l. 1.

"The following passage, from Wodrow's History, will give the reader a pretty lively idea of a *conventicle*, as well as of the general state of the country.

"Claverhouse seized Mr. John King, preacher, in Hamiltoun, or, as some papers say, in a house, a little south-east from the town; and about fourteen more countrymen, either come with Mr. King, or going to the meeting to-morrow. There was some pretence to seize Mr. King, being a vagrant preacher, and I thing intercommuned; but their was no law for seizing the rest, they not being in arms, or any thing to be laid to their charge.

"When this was known, some who escaped, and the people near by, began to entertain thoughts of rescuing Mr. King; and some of them went toward Glasgow, acquainting their friends by the way; and hearing of the meeting towards Lowdonhill, went thither, expecting assistance from thence.

"Meanwhile Claverhouse was likewise advertised of that conventicle designed next day, and resolved to go and disperse them, and come from thence to Glasgow with his prisoners. I am told he was dissuaded, by some of his friends, from going thither, and assured there would be a good many resolute men in arms there; yet, trusting to his own troop, and some others of horse and dragooms he had with him, he would go.

"Accordingly, upon the Sabbath morning, June 1 (1679), he marched very early from Hamiltoun to Stratheven town, about five miles south, and carried his prisoners with him, which was happy for them. They were bound two and two of them together, and his men drove them before them like so many sheep. When they came to Strathevon, they had distinct accounts that Mr. Thomas Douglas was to preach that day near Lowdonhill, three or four miles westward from Stratheven: and thither Claverhouse resolves to march straight with his party and prisoners.

"Public worship was begun by Mr. Douglas, when the accounts came to them that Claverhouse and his men were coming upon them, and had Mr. King and others, their friends, prisoners. Upon this, finding evil was determined against them, all who had arms drew out from the rest of the meeting, and resolved to go and meet the soldiers, and prevent their dismissing the meeting; and, if possible, relieve Mr. King and the other prisoners.

"They got together about forty horse, and one hundred and fifty or two hundred foot, very ill provided with ammunition, and untrained but hearty, and abundantly brisk for action, and came up with Claverhouse and his party in a muir, near a place called Drumclog, from whence this rencounter hath its name

"This little army of raw undisciplined country men, who had no experience in the business of fighting, neither had they officers of skill to lead them, very bravely stood Claverhouse's first fire, and returned it with much gallantry; and after a short, but very close and warm engagement, the soldiers gave way, were entirely defeat, and the prisoners rescued. Claverhouse and his men fled, and were pursued a mile or two.

"In the engagement and pursuit there were about twenty, some say forty, of the soldiers killed, and Claverhouse himself was in great hazard, had his horse shot under him, and very narrowly escaped. Several of the other officers were wounded, and some of the soldiers taken prisoners; whom, having disarmed, they dismissed without any further injury, having no prison-house to put them in."—Vol. ii, p. 46. p. 180.

Our readers are now sufficiently informed of Mr. Grahame's poetic powers. His book is not unamusing; but those who seek the beauties of metre, diction, &c. will be disappointed. Every where, he portrays nature with fidelity; but he is wanting in fancy and in grace.

For the Port Folio.

POETICAL INQUIRIES.

No. 12.

THE MOALLAKAT.

POEM IV.—BY LEBEID, CONTINUED.

On a camel like this, when the flashes of the noon-tide vapour dance over the plain, and the sultry mist clothes the parched hills, I accomplish my bold design, from which I am not deterred by any fear of reprehension from the most censorious man. Knowest thou not, O Nawara, that I present the knot of affection entire, or cut it in two, as the objects of it are constant or faithless? that I would leave without reluctance a country not congenial to my disposition; although death were instantly to overtake my soul? Ah! thou knowest not how many severe nights, with sweet sport and mirthful revelry, I pass in gay conversation; and often return to the flag of the wine-merchant, when he spreads it in the air, and sells his wine

at a high price! I purchase the old liquor at a dear rate, in dark leathern-bottles long reposited, or in casks black with pitch, whose seals I break, and then fill the cheerful goblet. How often do I quaff pure wine in the morning, and draw towards me the fair Cutanist, whose delicate fingers skilfully touch the strings! I rise before the cock to take my morning draught, which I sip again and again, when the sleepers of the dawn awake. On many a cold morning, when the freezing winds howl, and the hand of the north holds their reins, I turn aside their blast *from the travellers*, whom *I receive in my tent*. When I rise early to defend my tribe, my arms are borne by a swift horse, whose girths resemble my sash, adorned with gems. I ascend a dusty hill to explore the situation of the foe, and our dust, flying in clouds, reaches the hostile standard. At length, when the sun begins to sink into darkness, and the veil of night conceals the ambuscade and the stratagems of our enemy, I descend into the vale; and my steed raises his neck, like the smooth branch of a lofty palm, which he, who wishes to cut it, cannot reach: I incite him to run like a fleet ostrich, in his impetuous course, until, when he boils in his rage, and his bones are light, his trappings are strongly agitated; a shower flows down his neck; and his surcingle is bathed in the scalding foam. He lifts his head: he flies at liberty with a loose rein; and hastens to his goal, as a dove hastens to a brook, when her feverish thirst rages.

There is a mansion (*The palace of Nomaan*) filled with guests, unknown to each other, hoping for presents, and fearing reproof: it is inhabited by men like strong-necked lions, who menace one another with a malignant hate, like the demons of Badiya, with feet firmly rivetted in the conflict. I disputed their false pretensions, yet admitted their real merit, according to my judgment; nor could the noblest among them surpass me in renown. Oft have I invited *a numerous company* to the death of a camel, bought for slaughter, to be divided by lot in the arrows of equal dimensions: I invite them to draw lots for a camel without a foal, and for a camel with a young one, whose flesh I distribute to all the neighbours. The guest and the stranger, admitted to my board, seem to have alighted in the sweet vale of Tibaala, luxuriant with vernal blossoms. To the cords of my tent approaches every needy matron, worn with fatigue, like a camel doomed to die at her master's tomb, whose vesture is both scanty and ragged. There they crown with meat, while the wintry winds contend with fierce blasts, a dish flowing like a rivulet, into which the famished orphans eagerly plunge.

When the nations are assembled, some hero of our tribe, firm in debate, never fails by superior powers to surmount the greatest difficulty. He distributes equal shares; he dispenses justice to the tribes; he is indignant when their right is diminished; and, to establish their right, he often relinquishes his own. He acts with greatness of mind and nobleness of heart; he sheds the dew of liberality on those who need his assistance; he scatters around his own gains, and precious spoils, the prizes of his valour. He belongs to a tribe whose ancestors have left them a perfect model; and every tribe, that descends from us, will have patterns of excellence, and objects of imitation. If their succour be asked, they instantly brace on their helmets, while their lances and breast-plates glitter like stars. Their actions are not sullied by the rust of time, nor tarnished by disgrace; for their virtues are unshaken by any base desires. He hath raised for us a fabric *of glory* with a lofty summit, to which all the aged and all the young men of our tribe aspire. Be content, therefore, with the dispensations of the Supreme Ruler; for He, who best knows our nature, has dispensed justice among us. When peace has been established by our tribe, we keep it inviolate; and He, who makes it, renders prosperity complete. Noble are the exertions of our heroes, when the tribe struggle with hardships; they are our leaders in war, and in peace the deciders of our claims. They are an enlivening spring to the indigent neighbours, and to the disconsolate widows, whose year passes

heavily away. They are an illustrious race; although their enemies may be low in commending them, and the malevolent censurer may incline to their foe.

(*To be continued.*)

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

[By the request of a friend, the *miniature* Painter of the following faint resemblance of a fine original was persuaded to attempt the task. Whatever may be thought of the execution, the design will probably escape censure; and if the unfortunate artist be pronounced a bungler, yet of him it may with propriety be affirmed, as of the poet's Phaeton.

Magnis tamen excidit ausis.]

PREFACE

TO WATTS'S EDITION OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM PITT.

In the harmonious family of Literature, History and Biography are sisters. They are twins; and both are beautiful. The port of the one is stately and martial: but the air of the other, if less dignified, is more alluring. One generally *commands* us to repair to the cabinet or the camp, while the other *beckons* us to the bower.—History has respectful and staunch friends: but Biography has passionate lovers. There are some, who are indifferent to the charms of the first: but there are none who do not admire the winning grace and sensible conversation of the latter.

To drop the allusion: experience and observation instruct the reflecting portion of mankind, that we are less interested in a narrative of the intrigues of courts, the schemes of cabinets, and the vicissitudes of war, than in the lives of men who have given birth to such events, and who have stood foremost in the phalanx of statesmen, and in the camps of the valiant.

In describing the conflicts of Peloponnesus, and the horrors of the Athenian pestilence, the story, even of Thucydides, is sometimes tiresome; while the retreat of the Ten Thousand, and the Commentaries of Cæsar afford us perpetual delight, because we discern so distinctly the *portraits* of Xenophon and Julius. We are instructed by Mr. Hume's chapters, in which are detailed, with so much clearness of method, and felicity of expression, the battles of the barons, and the politics of the Plantagenets; but the vivid pictures of the jealousy of Elizabeth, and the misfortunes of Mary, are contemplated with more pleasure. From the history of a campaign we turn with a sort of alacrity to the memoirs of the minister by whom it was planned.—We often prefer anecdotes to historical narration, and domestic to civil history.—The enormous tomes of Thuanus are seldom consulted, and, perhaps, never were digested; but with what eager curiosity do we gaze at the slightest incident in the life of a Burke!

This peculiar interest, which biography always excites, will of course induce men to snatch, with more than ordinary eagerness, Annals of such a life as that of the youngest son of Chatham. The name of Pitt is a passport to renown; and in the deliberate opinion of the writer of this article, the late premier of England is entitled to the gratitude and admiration of the present and future generation, for

HIS POLITICAL SAGACITY,
HIS LOFTY AND INTREPID SPIRIT,
HIS CONSUMMATE ELOQUENCE,
AND HIS SPOTLESS
INTEGRITY.

The *sagacity* of Mr. Pitt, as a statesman, has been fully demonstrated, by his uniform polity with respect to the French revolution. By the side of Edmund Burke, he was the first to discern, and the first to oppose, the march of that anarch fiend.—The course of events, from the assembling of the French notables, down to the death of the late premier of England, has made manifest this momentous truth; that the counsels of Pitt and Burke have actually saved, from political perdition, not only Great-Britain, but *America*, and every country, where even a shadow of legitimate government can be discerned. In the eventful years of 1792 and 1793, the spirit of the French reformers appeared so often, that it was impossible to mistake its character or

its objects. The first was of a class more baleful, more bloody and malignant, than those execrated madmen, whom we enrol among the monsters of depravity, the Tiberiuses, the Neroes, and the Domitians. The second were, not secretly, but avowedly, not with insidious hypocrisy, but with flagrant impudence, to establish atheism, to deride morals, to annihilate monarchy and rank, to violate property, to new model justice; and, as it has been described in the words of ardent eloquence and just indignation, to *force* upon the subjects of every government, French *freedom*, in the loathsome form of "an irrational, unprincipled, proscribing, plundering, ferocious, bloody, and tyrannical DEMOCRACY." Against so execrable and so profligate a project, a scheme as visionary as it was impious and infamous, Pitt exercised all the energies of his soul, and all the powers of his voice: as it has been elegantly expressed, he encountered the political phrenzy as Hercules encountered the Cretan bull. He triumphed; and his country is still independent and free, without universal suffrage, or French fraternity, the speeches of a Marat, or the massacres of a Robespierre.

The loftiness and intrepidity of his spirit were visible, even in his juvenile years.—Nothing could be more evincive of the proud consciousness of mental power, than his early declaration, that he would not accept of a subaltern place in any administration. The proofs of his political courage, of that "courage of the cabinet, which is far better and less vulgar than that of the field," are to be found in almost every act of his public life; and this sort of intrepidity was never more stoutly, more stedfastly, and more gallantly displayed, than in hours of the most tremendous peril. The highest degree of credit we must assign him, when we take a cursory view of the state of Europe, and of the world during his administration. From the common cause, when the king of Prussia was a deserter; when the hopes of the allied powers were completely deferred; when the army of the duke of Brunswick melted away like the snows of spring; when the duke of York was defeated and disgraced in Holland; when petitions for pernicious reform, and petitions from seditious clubs, crowded the bureau of state, and covered every office table; when treason and rebellion began to *show their miscreated front athwart his way;* when he was continually assailed by the keenest weapons of a vindictive and formidable opposition, armed at all points for the combat; when mutiny was raging in the navy, and revolt in Ireland had made "confusion worse confounded;" when the bank of England sought in vain for coffers competent to the claims of the creditor; when Windham's well-planned expedition to Quiberon proved disastrous; and when, at length, there arose in the French hemisphere a new star of dazzling brilliancy, but of horrid portent, threatening, like a comet, the destruction of "half the nations," and "with fear of change perplexing monarchs;" yet, "in an hour so rude," when stout hearts quail, and bright faculties become troubled, if not overpowered, the fortitude, valour, and perseverence of Pitt, were never more triumphantly conspicuous. He not only gazed stedfastly at all this array of terrors, but advanced to meet, and checked, if he did not wholly vanquish, the enemy.

His consummate eloquence has not only been extolled by his friends, but admitted by his foes. So sweet and voluble was his discourse, that, if his logic did not always convince, his rhetoric was sure to please. He was a powerful, artful, luminous, and correct speaker. His impromptu orations were wonderfully correct and elegant. His talent for explaining a perplexed subject, the precision of his periods, the classical purity of his style, and the temper and address he displayed in debate, are circumstances familiar to every polite and every political reader. For that energetic and majestic manner, which in the late earl of Chatham sometimes approached towards haughtiness and arrogance, the son was equally conspicuous. His voice was sometimes terrible, and his satire acrimonious.

His reputation for integrity and disinterestedness was never sullied by the slightest stain. On the contrary, by living on a moderate income, and dying in penurious, if not in embarrassed, circumstances, he showed to all the world that the vile blot of avarice never tarnished his bright escutcheon. If he were ever in servitude, it was under the despotism of a nobler passion. In his immortal romance, Cervantes makes one of its personages remark, when required to render an account of his brief administration of a government, that in indigence he assumed, and in indigence he abdicated, his office; that naked he came, and naked he went away; and concludes with a logic which none may deny, that this alone was ample proof that he had governed like an angel.

On the whole, it may be confidently asserted, that, since the time of Cecil and Walsingham, the councils of England have never been moulded by a wiser or more dexterous statesman; and, since the time of Cardinal Ximenes, perilous seasons have never been faced by a more intrepid minister. He has been arranged with the Colberts and the Chathams. Even Mr. Sheridan, at a period of sharp animosity, has said of the man, by whom his genius was so often rebuked, that he was formed and fitted by Nature to *benefit his country, and to give it lustre;* and when Fox, in a mood of the strongest disgust, had quitted his parliamentary duties, and visited Switzerland, Gibbon records, that, in frank conversation, Fox drew such a portrait of his antagonist, as one great man should always exhibit of another.

A volume, displaying the biography of one so illustrious, of politics so staunch and sound, of eloquence so commanding, and of honour so bright, has enchained our attention, and we believe will captivate that of the American public. Amusing notes, replete with information and anecdote, have been added by the suggestion of a judicious friend. These contain much of the political history of many of the chief friends or rivals of Mr. Pitt.

The writer cannot conclude this sketch without lamenting that, at a period so eventful as the present, the *world* should be deprived of the talents of such a statesman. In political crises of the most terrible aspect, it seems as if a *Johnson*, a *Burke*, or a *Pitt*, is potent to charm away, or defeat, all the demons of the tempest. Such men, with the might of Shakespeare's Prospero, but with magic the most hallowed, can always control the inebriated madness of the desperate *crew*, and flame amazement among the confounded and the guilty.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[The following is a gay description of the splendour and festivity of a British Carousal. In the life of one of the ancient Lord Mayors of London, it is recorded, that at a feast given to his Sovereign, not only countless dishes were spread on the board, but faggots of cinnamon glowed in the chimney. At the entertainment described, below, a merchant, and a Jew, but no Shylock, has feasted his Prince in a style of magnificence and expense, worthy of British spirit, and British liberality.]

MR. GOLDSMID'S SUPERB FETE.

The "Royal Feast for Persia won," could not have exceeded in magnificence the banquet which will be the theme of our description, as far as words can convey an idea of a scene so splendid in itself, and so peculiarly interesting, in many collateral points of view. The festival given by a powerful Monarch affords no other sources of admiration, than those which are connected with the gratification of the persons who are honoured by participating in its pleasures. The revenue a Prince derives from his people will at all times supply the means of the most ostentatious display of liberality; but where, except in this fortunate island, is the dominion upon the earth, in which a subject can entertain with suitable pomp the sons of his Sovereign, the principal Officers of State, and the Peers of the land? It is a matter of proud exultation to reflect, that a British merchant should hold so distinguished and eminent a rank in society, that the first

characters in the kingdom are anxious to pay respect to his invitation, and to become the guests at his hospitable and munificent table. Whenever this is the case, it is a certain indication of a country's prosperity; and truly the appearance of so Royal and Noble a Company as the mansion of a private English Gentleman must have afforded, infinitely more delight than the contemplation of a legion of tributary kings at the palace of a despotic Emperor, whether in the East or the West. It is unnecessary to say a word respecting the host upon this occasion. There is no one who is in the least conversant with the passing history of the present day, but is acquainted with the honourable character of Mr. GOLDSMID. His commercial transactions have, in a manner, identified him with the Government of the country; for, upon all occasions, his incalculable wealth has been employed in anticipating, for the advantage of the public, those immense financial resources which the exigencies of the times in which we live render it so imperiously necessary to call into action.

Exactly at six o'clock, his Royal Highness the Prince of WALES arrived in his barouch and four, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the Earl of Moira, the Lord Chancellor, and Mr. Sheridan. His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent soon followed them, and, at seven o'clock, the company sat down, to dinner, which was provided by Mr. Birch, and consisted of every delicacy which the season affords: it was, moreover, sumptuous to the highest degree. There were present, in additional to the Royal Party.—

The Lord Mayor, Mr. Greenwood, Alderman Combe, Mr. Walsh Porter, Mr. Branden, Mr. and Mrs. H. Goldsmid, Mr. and Mrs. B. Goldsmid, Mr. Scott, Mr. Ellison, Mr. Smith, Mr. Davison, Miss Denison, and the Misses Goldsmid.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales sat opposite the window that fronts the water, with the Earl of Moira on his right, and the Lord Chancellor on his left. After dinner, and the toast of *the* King, Messrs. Braham and Walsh sang God *save the King*, in which the Prince joined most heartily.

After *the Navy*, and the immortal memory of Lord Nelson, *Rule Britannia*, and other favourite songs, duets, &c. were sung also.

At the *dessert* the ladies joined the company, and at nine o'clock the whole party walked round the grounds. The bridges, colonade, and the temple, were brilliantly illuminated. The Royal Standard was hoisted in the barge, surmounting the Prince's Plume at the stern, with P. W. &c. &c.

By this time, nearly two hundred of the Nobility and neighbouring Gentry were assembled. After tea, the Concert commenced.

Symphony—MOZART.

Glee—"The harp's wild notes."—ATTWOOD.

Duet—Horns.—PETRIDES.

Song. Walsh—"Ye Sainted Spirits"—ATTWOOD.

BRAHAM and WALSH sung the following duetto, written purposely for the occasion. The music composed by Mr. ATTWOOD.

I

While venal Bards, with rude acclaim,
Extol a haughty Despot's fame,
And where he drives the fiends of War,
With adulation load his Car,
The Muses here, from Plenty's hoard,
As Wit and Beauty deck the board,
Attune the Lyre, rejoic'd to sing,
In praise of Britain's future King,

Chorus.

Fill then the bowl, with myrtle bound,
Let Morden's roof with mirth resound;
And every tongue this strain declare,
Long live Britannia's joy and Heir!

II

At ease reclin'd, or rob'd in State,
The graces on his actions wait.
Where'er the PRINCE is seen to rove,
There Pleasure sports and frolics Love,
While Art and Science o'er the land
Confess in smiles his fostering hand,
And with the Sons of Commerce blend,
To greet the Nation's Hope and Friend.

Chorus.

Fill then the bowl, &c.

III

But should Ambition's hordes invade
This sacred Isle, for Freedom made,
When Myriads, flush'd with ardour, glow,
To hurl destruction on the foe;

Then foremost, with terrific mien,
Great GEORGE in battle shall be seen,
Resolv'd his destin'd Realm to save,
Or fall, the bravest of the Brave.

Chorus.

Fill then the bowl, &c.

Naldi, Storace, and Braham, sang also with great effect some beautiful songs, duets, and trios, till supper was announced; Salomon led; Attwood was at the Piano-Forte; and the rest of the orchestra was numerous and complete. The glees were ably aupported by Messrs. Braham, Goss, Walsh, &c.

After supper Mr. Matthews made his appearance, and gave his imitations, to the admiration of the whole party.

The Prince, highly delighted with the entertainments of the evening, left the hospitable mansion of Morden this morning about two o'clock. The Nobility and Gentry, in which was comprised a great proportion of beautiful women, had not all retired till a late hour;—every where expressing their utmost approbation of the arrangements that had been adopted for their gratification.

This was the first entertainment since the house was finished, which is unique in its character.

The elevation is Grecian. The south front is ornamented with a portico of the Athenian style of architecture, and in this is the principal entrance, which passes through a logee or small vestibule of Portland stone, on each side of which are two most superb conservatories, filled with orange, citron, and other shrubs. The centre of the house is an octagon of 38 feet and 54 feet in height: the ceiling is divided into eight pannels by ribs which spring from the pilasters, on the sides, and are painted in imitation of fine red oriental marble, with ornaments to represent as if inlaid with white marble. The whole of the side walls are stuccoed, and painted of the same kind of marble several shades lighter. The contrast between the two marbles relieving the pilastres is very fine. There are four niches, containing each a figure, of the same marble, holding painted lamps. There are also introduced 16 figures on painted glass, representing the Seasons, Sciences, Elements, and Four Quarters of the Globe, which by day appear as windows, and by night are lighted behind, producting an effect elegant and rich. Near the saloon is the library, which is a neatly fittedup room, the walls bright yellow, high varnished, the door, shutters, &c. yellow satin wood. Opposite the library is the breakfast room, a most beautiful unique room, one window of which looks into the conservatory, the other into a most elegant and extensive aviary, filled with birds of rare and various plumage. On the opposite side of the saloon is the eating room, which is most strikingly elegant —it is forty feet long by twenty-two, with a grained cieling painted in imitation of white veined marble, and bronzed ribs, the wall finished in the same manner; in four recesses of this room are fixed stoves which have plated furniture, and most singularly adapted; on the top of each appears a superb vase near six feet high, one containing water, which is filled from a spring, and is drawn for the use of the table. From this room a folding door opens into the small drawing room, which is so connected with the large drawing room as to make the two rooms have the appearance of one. These two rooms are most superbly fittedup the cielings are painted from Chinese ornaments; the sides are covered with a most beautiful India paper of a grey ground, silver foliage, and birds, &c. the shutters and other wood-work are painted blue, and are enriched by paintings that have the appearance of inlaid work. The furniture of this room is blue silk, tastefully arranged in festoons, which go round the whole of these two rooms. The whole is a master piece of ingenuity.

For the Port Folio.

[Among those early English poets who have been too much neglected in Great Britain, and who are almost wholly unknown in America, we may enumerate the once celebrated George Wither. This ingenious man, by suffering his mind to become clouded with faction and fanaticism, rendered himself extremely obnoxious to many of his cotemporaries; and the poet was sacrificed at the shrine of the politician.

In consequence of some of his puritanical pranks, he was at length shut up in prison, by certain Cavaliers, who did not much care for civil or religious liberty. In the joyless hours of imprisonment, the poet very wisely abstained from libelling either *Cæsar*, or *Cæsar's household;* and solaced himself with the sweets of song. We are indebted to the fine taste of George Ellis, Esq. for the following delightful lines. That admirable passage, in which the poet describes his triumph over misfortune, by the aid of the muse, will be read with rapture by every man of genius and sensibility.

ON HIS MUSE.

(*From "The Shepherd's Hunting."*)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

And though for her sake I'm crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And knew she would make my trouble,
Ten times more than ten times double:
I should love and keep her too,
Spite of all the world could do.
For though banish'd from my flocks,
And confin'd within these rocks,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the sullen night;
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keeps many cares away.
Though I miss the flowing fields,
With those sweets the spring-tide yields;
Though I may not see those groves,
Where the shepherds chaunt their loves,
And the lasses more excel
Than the sweet-voic'd Philomel;
Though of all those pleasures past
Nothing now remains at last,
But remembrance, poor relief,
That more makes than mends my grief.
She's my mind's companion still,
Maugre Envy's evil will.
Whence she should be driven too
Wer't in mortal's pow'r to do.
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort, in the midst of sorrow,
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace;
And the blackest discontents
To be pleasing ornaments.
In my former days of bliss
Her divine skill hath taught me this,
That from every thing I saw,
I could some invention draw;
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bow's rustling;
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree
She could more infuse in me
Than all nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things, that may sweeten gladness,
In the very gall of sadness.
The dull loneness, the black shade
That these hanging walls have made,
The strange music of the waves
Beating on these hollow caves;
This black din, which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss;
The rude portals that give light
More to Terror than Delight,
This my chamber of neglect
Wall'd about with disrespect;
From all this and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
The path taught me, by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this,—
Poesy! thou sweet'st content,
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent.
Tho' they as a trifle leave thee
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to nought but earth are born,
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee.
Though our wise ones call thee madness,
Let me never taste of gladness,
If I love not their maddest fits,
More than all their greatest wits.
And though some too seeming holy
Do account thy raptures folly;
Thou dost teach me to contemn
What makes knaves and fools of them.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

[In rescuing a few passages from oblivion, of some of the early English writers, Mr. Ellis has lately performed a very pleasing service to the lovers of poetry. The following, which he has culled from the works of Robert Heath, exhibit in a strong light the genius of the Poet, and the taste of his Editor.]

Invest my head with fragrant rose,
That on fair Flora's bosom grows!
Distend my veins with purple juice,
That mirth may through my soul diffuse!
'Tis Wine and Love, and Love in Wine,
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

Thus, crown'd with Paphian myrtle, I,
In Cyprian shades will bathing lie;
Whose snow, if too much cooling, then
Bacchus shall warm my blood again.
Tis Wine and Love, and Love in Wine,
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

Life's short, and winged pleasures fly,
Who mourning live, do mourning die;
On down and floods, then, swan-like, I
Will stretch my limbs, and singing, die.
'Tis Wine and Love, and Love in Wine,
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

To Clarastella, saying she would commit herself to a Nunnery.

(From 9 Stanzas.)

Stay, Clarastella, prithee stay!
Recal those frantic vows again!
Wilt thou thus cast thyself away,
As well as me, in fond disdain?
Wilt thou be cruel to thyself? chastise
Thy harmless body, 'cause your powerful eyes
Have charm'd my senses by a strange surprize?
Is it a sin to be belov'd?
If but the cause you could remove,
Soon the effect would be remov'd;
Where beauty is, there will be love.
Nature, that wisely nothing made in vain,
Did make you lovely to be lov'd again;
And, when such beauty tempts, can love refrain?
When Heav'n was prodigal to you,
And you with beauty's glory stor'd,
He made you, like himself, for view,
To be beheld and then ador'd.
Why should the gold then fear to see that sun,
That form'd it pure? why should you live a nun,
And hide those rays Heaven gave to you alone?

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Thyself a holy temple art;
Where love shall teach us both to pray;
I'll make an altar of my heart,
And incense on thy lips will lay.
Thy mouth shall be my oracle, and then
For beads we'll tell our kisses o'er again,
Till they, breath'd from our souls, shall cry, *Amen.*

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY.

[For a period of considerable duration, The Companion, a paper devoted to the Belles Letters, has been published in Baltimore. Its conductors have frequently been changed, and of course the complexion of the paper has varied, as might be expected, from this state of mutability: the Companion though generally cheerful and instructive has sometimes been dull and heavy. We understand from a Baltimore print, that this paper is to appear in a new guise. The Prospectus, which the present Proprietor has issued, contains so complete a sketch of his scheme, and exhibits such evidence of talents, that, in the spirit of that zeal which always actuates us in the cause of elegant Literature, we give the article in question a conspicuous place, and sincerely wish that the *incognito* Editor may meet the amplest encouragement, and be cheered and successful in that race which has glory for its goal.]

PROSPECTUS.

We avail ourselves of the opportunity which the completion of the second volume of the Companion presents, to announce to the public some changes which are projected in the work.

The most patriotic and disinterested motive had prompted the late Editor to undertake the direction of that paper, but as the time and attention it required were incompatible with his professional pursuit, he found it necessary to engage an associate in his literary labours, and to this associate he has ultimately deemed it proper to relinquish the whole management of the work.

The present Proprietor has long felt the necessity of some alterations in the plan and management of the paper, in order to render it more generally acceptable.

Variety is the essence of amusement, hence we abandon the smooth and unbroken plain, however productive of the most useful harvests, to ramble amidst scenes, where nature exhibits her more varied, picturesque and fantastic forms. We find this quality eminently essential in a periodical paper—the repeated failure of works of this nature, where the plan on which they have been conducted has confined them merely to literary subjects, sufficiently proves that these alone will not interest the public.

To merit general attention, a publication of this kind must display a spirited versatility; it must treat by turns of morals, politics and fashions;

Must move from grave to gay with ready art,
Now play the sage's now the trifler's part.

Having then resolved no longer to confine our fellow labourers within the limits prescribed by the regulations of the Companion, we will more particularly indicate those topics, to which we would wish to direct the attention of writers, and with which we shall endeavour to amuse our readers.

ESSAYS ON MEN AND MANNERS,

After the manner of our accomplished predecessors, Johnson and Addison, shall claim a large portion of our attention. But however short we may come

of the majestic march of the one and in vain sigh for the unaffected simplicity of the other, we yet indulge a hope that we shall be able to produce something that may amuse the grave, and detain the idle. It would be superfluous here, to dwell upon the influence which these writers have had, in ameliorating manners, establishing the decencies of life, and forming a correct taste in literature. Many of the volatile and the frivolous, who were deterred from reading by the formidable appearance of a connected volume, were easily induced to peruse a desultory page. The effect was slow, but it was certain. A great and commercial people have become readers, chaste in manners and correct in criticism. The pleader has rejected the rugged idiom of technical language, and ventured to *travel out of the record* to enliven his harangue by the brilliancy of metaphor. The divine has been enabled more impressively to fulfil the duties of his solemn vocation, by the new views of human nature which he has contemplated through the vista of Addison, or seen in the polished mirror of Mackenzie, whilst the merchant has closed his day-book to *tattle* with Isaac Bickerstaff, or *ramble* with Dr. Johnson.

Every writer shall be judged with candour. We prohibit no style which is correct, no subject that may be useful. The moralist shall occasionally assume the dictatorial chair, and endeavour to fortify the timid and determine the irresolute. The metaphysician shall spin his cobwebs, and the philosopher have a corner for his theories. Poetry may wing her daring flight to the double mountain, and even history clog the wings of time. In short our essays shall attempt to indicate whatever is beautiful or deformed in society, and describe what is useless or valuable.

Whilst we shun any active exertions in the noisy field of political warfare, we invite our correspondents to exercise their talents, and disseminate their opinions, on those great political questions which are alike important to all. The grand events daily occurring on the Theatre of Europe, events at present so closely connected with all the operations of thought, wherever their influence reaches, afford matter for much interesting speculation, andshould by no means be prohibited in any paper presented to the public.

But it must be remembered, that whilst we loosen the trammels which have hitherto too strictly confined our views, we must not verge to the opposite extreme—the animosity of party spirit must never contaminate our pages, nor indecent personalities degrade the dignity of our work. From fair and liberal discussion proceed those bright emanations of truth, which irradiate and convince the mind; but angry disputation, by strengthening the influence of prejudice, and impeding the operations of reason, can only heighten the gloom, and perpetuate the reign of ignorance.

Of the various kinds of writing, perhaps no one is more generally pleasing and more extensively useful than

Biography.

The wonderful events and the sudden vicissitudes, which have happened to those who have attracted the envy and the admiration of the world possess an interest in the minds of the inquisitive, superior to all the airy creations of the novelist.

There is a period of life at which reason assumes the reigns of imagination, and incidents, however novel and striking, and with how much soever of skill they may be woven together, cease to charm, unless sanctioned by the seal of reality. It is then that the biographer enjoys his triumph. He leads his followers into the very innermost recesses of genius, and opens to his curious eye the secret springs of human action. He conducts them through the classic shades of the Lyceum, that he may be exhilarated by the wit of Alcibiades, or instructed by the wisdom of Socrates: and Somnus is neglected whilst he sits up late with Woffington, and the English orator, or beguiles the stillness of the midnight hour by sipping tea at the Crown and Mitre with Johnson and his faithful *Chronicler*. In short, Biography is a study to which every reader is indebted for the amusement of many an hour, and its fascination is so powerful,

that Pliny's opinion of history may be applied to it with equal truth: It is always pleasing, write it as you will.

CRITICISM

is of indispensible importance, in a work of this nature. The habit of comparing our language with that of the great masters of style, is a discipline to which every student must submit who is emulous of fame in the art of composition. And if, in perusing the remarks of a perspicacious critic he should find his sentiments anticipated, let him regard it as suspicious, and continue his pursuit of the Olympic prize, with renewed ardour.

Criticism, in the well imagined allegory of one whose words are sweet like the Hyblean honey, was the eldest daughter of Labour and Truth. She was at her birth committed to the care of Justice, and brought up by her in the palace of Wisdom. Being soon distinguished by the celestials for her uncommon qualities, she was appointed *Governess* of Fancy, and empowered to beat time to the chorus of the muses, when they sung before the throne of Jupiter.

The true path is here so distinctly indicated by this experienced writer, that no one can hesitate between the real and the pretended critic. That art must be valuable which is produced by labour and truth, fostered by justice, and protected by wisdom.

These are the three great topics which present themselves as of primary importance in a periodical publication; there are others which, though of minor value in themselves, yet should not be neglected.

We should consider accurate

REPORTS

of judicial decisions on important points, worthy of preservation, although they may not be interesting to the generality of readers. We have the promise of assistance in this department, from a gentleman, who will communicate such cases of moment as may occur in this city.

Such brief novels or tales as are recommended by purity of design and the faccination of incident, may be ocasionally inserted. Thus shall we obey the precept of the poet, and join both profit and delight in one:

Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.

Literary, philosophical, and agricultural intelligence will be studiously sought and promptly given.

Sketches of tours, by those who have journeyed through foreign countries, and tarried amongst strange people, and like the hero of the Grecian bard, have attentively

Their manners noted and their states surveyed,

are a cheap mode of increasing knowledge, without the inconvenience of travelling.

THE POETICAL DEPARTMENT,

we hope, will prove a hive of hoarded sweets, to those who delight in the brilliant tints of fancy. We shall invoke the *Arcades* both of native and foreign shores to attune their softest reeds, and with sweet novelty the taste amuse.

We have now explained our idea of the manner in which we should desire to conduct our Miscellany, which will be henceforth presented under the title of the Observer—Of our own abilities to perform the task we have imposed upon ourselves, we must speak with the most unaffected diffidence—but of the talents and high attainments of our associates, and of those who have generously offered their aid, we may speak with no timid voice.

We engage in the toilsome and thorny path of editorial duty, with hopes neither depressed by fear, nor elevated beyond the bounds of rational expectation. We will never condescend to prostitute our pen to degrading flattery for the purpose of obtaining *favour*. If we fail, we shall have at least the consoling and honorable reflection, of having aimed at our country's good—if our laudable and honest exertions obtain for us, the esteem of the worthy, and the sanction of the liberal and the enlightened, we shall move on in our glad career, animated with the delightful hope, that as time and experience mellow the powers of our mind, and science still opens her ample stores to our constant research, we may be found still more

and more deserving of that patronage, which it will be our highest ambition to merit.

As the expenses attending a periodical work are considerable, prudence forbids our engaging in the undertaking until the support extended to it answers its expenditures. If 500 subscribers are obtained, we will commence the publication of the Observer on the first of January.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

To the brilliant and profligate Lord Lyttelton, the following verses were sent when he was in his juvenile years. The reader will soon perceive what sanguine expectations were entertained of this young nobleman by his friends. It is to be deeply regretted, that Manhood, did not keep the promise of Youth.

Epistle from the Honourable Constantine, John Phipps, Esq. to the late *Thomas* Lord *Lyttelton*, addressed to him, during the life-time of his Father.

Sprung, Lyttelton, from noble British blood,
My friendships honour, and life's greatest good!
This courts the rabble with obsequious nod,
Or, the mob's idol, deems himself a god.
That of the unruly courser seeks a name,
And risks his neck, to gain a jockey's fame:
Another tells with joy his father's land,
Or prunes the curling vine with skilful hand:
Some love the tented field, the drum, the fife,
The din of arms, the battle's bloody strife:
Me other cares, in other climes engage,
To seek experience from the battle's rage:
Where fleets meet fleets in deepest conflict join'd,
Where mimic thunders mock the impelling wind.
But, *born in greater character to shine,*
And add *new lustre* to a noble line.
Be thine the greater part in *deep debate,*
With steady councils to uphold the state.
So thy great Sire, skilled in each noble art,
By virtue rules, by precept guides the heart.
If his commands submissive you receive,
Immortal and unblam'd your name shall live.
O may his labour gain an happy end,
Make thee a patriot good, and constant friend!
May heav'n show'r down its choicest blessings still,
A Cato's virtue, and a Tully's skill.
May'st thou the first of Britain's Senate shine,
And be thy father's name surpassed by thine!

In a new work, written for the use of young persons, Mrs. C. Smith has composed the following,

Beautiful Ode to the Missel Thrush.

The winter solstice scarce is past,
Loud is the wind, and hoarsely sound
The mill streams in the swelling blast;
And cold and humid is the ground.
When to the ivy that embowers,
Some pollard tree, or sheltering rock,
The troop of timid warb'lers flock,
And shudd'ring wait for milder hours.

While thou! the leader of their band,
Fearless salut'st the op'ning year;
Nor stay'st till blow the breezes bland,
That bid the tender leaves appear.
But, on some tow'ring elm or pine,
Waving elate thy dauntless wing,
Thou joy'st thy love notes wild to sing,
Impatient of St. Valentine.

Oh, herald of the spring! while yet,
No harebill scents the woodland lane,
Nor starewort fair nor violet
Braves the bleak gust and driving rain.
'Tis then, as thro' the copses rude,
Some pensive wand'rer sighs along;
To soothe him with thy cheerful song,
And tell of Hope and Fortitude!

For thee then may the hawthorn bush,
The elder and the splendid tree,
With all their various berries blush,
And the blue sloe abounds for thee.
For thee, the coral holly glows,
Its arm'd and glossy leaves among;
And many a branched oak be hung,
With thy pellucid misletoes.

Still may thy nest with lichen lin'd,
Be hidden from the invading jay,
Nor truant boy its covert find
To bear thy callow young away.
So thou precursor still of good,
O herald of approaching spring,
Shall to the pensive wand'rer sing,
Thy song of Hope and Fortitude.

The following is a very old song, but like old wine it has exquisite spirit. The remonstrance is extremely natural and pleasing, and the conclusion is worthy of every girl of spirit.

Where's my swain so blithe and clever!
Why d'ye leave me all in sorrow,
Three whole days are gone forever,
Since you said you'd come to-morrow?

If you lov'd but half as I do,
You'd been here with looks so bonny;
Love has flying wings I well know,
Not for ling'ring lazy Johnny.

What can he be now a doing?
Is he with the lasses Maying?
He had better here be wooing,
Than with others fondly playing.
Tell me truly where he's roving,
That I may no longer sorrow,
If he's weary grown of loving,
Let him tell me so to-morrow.

Does some fav'rite rival hide thee?
Let her be the happy creature,
I'll not plague myself to chide thee,
Nor dispute with her a feature.
But I can't, nor will not tarry,
Nor will kill myself with sorrow;
I may lose the time to marry,
If I wait beyond to-morrow.

Think not shepherd, thus to brave me,
If I'm yours, pray wait no longer,
If you wont another'll have me,
I may cool, but not grow fonder.
If your lovers, girls, forsake ye,
Whine not in despair and sorrow,
Blest another lad may make ye,
Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

In a former volume of the Port Folio, we exhibited the beautiful *French* foundation of the following song, and soon followed it up by an American translation. The ensuing stanzas pursue the thought.

LE PIPE DE TABAC.

A much admired French air.

Why should life in sorrow be spent,
When pleasure points to the road,
Wherein each traveller, with content,
May throw off the pond'rous load;
And, instead, in ample measure,
Gather fruits too long left ripe:
What's this world without its pleasure?
What is pleasure but a *pipe?*

See the jovial sailor's state,
Mark the soldier's noble soul,
What doth heroes renovate?
What refines the splendid bowl?
Is it not Tobacco dear
That from the brow fell grief can wipe?
Yes, like them, with jolly cheer,
I find pleasure in a pipe.

Some are fond of care and grief,
Some take pleasure in sad strife,
Some pursue a false belief;
Few there are that enjoy life.
Some delight in envy ever,
Others avaricious gripe,
Would you know my greatest pleasure?
'Tis a glowing social pipe.

The following punning verses were addressed a few days after her birth, to the infant daughter of Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford.

See this little mistress here,
Did never sit in Peter's chair,
Nor a triple crown did wear,
And yet she is a Pope.

No benefice she ever sold,
Nor did dispense with sins for gold;
She hardly is a fortnight old,
And yet she is a Pope.

No King her feet did ever kiss,
Or had from her worse look than this;
Nor did she ever vainly hope,
To saint poor mortals with a rope,
And yet she is a Pope.

A *female* Pope, you say, a *second Joan,*
Ah no, she is *Pope Innocent,* or none.

In the following little verses the reader will recognize something of the gallant style of some of our older poets.

THE TEARS OF BEAUTY.

Coy Beauty's blush is passing sweet,
And sweet the bashful smile she wears;
But love and admiration meet,
In beauty glist'ning through her tears.
Most sweet the cowslip in its dews;
Most sweet the sun thro' show'rs appears;
Most sweet the meads, where streamlets ooze;
And sweetest beauty in her tears.
On earth one object is divine;
The heart which sympathy endears;
'Tis Beauty's self at Pity's shrine,
With roses glist'ning thro' her tears.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The philosophy and practice of "Hilario" are derived from the famous *finale* of Bickerstaff.

Friendship, with thy smile divine,
Brighten all our features;
What but friendship, love, and wine,
Can make us happy creatures?
Bring the flask, the music bring;
Joy shall quickly find us;
Drink and dance and laugh and sing,
And cast dull care behind us.
Why the deuce should we be sad,
While on earth we moulder?
Grave, or gay, or wise, or mad,
We every day grow older.
Then, since time will steal away,
Spite of all our sorrow;
Heighten every joy to day,
Never mind to-morrow.

SELECT POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

THE ASS AND THE STAG.

ONCE on a time, no matter when,
But 'twas some ages since; say ten—
(For asses now more wise appear,
And deer affect to herd with deer),
Once on a time then, it is said,
An Ass and Stag together fed;
In bonds of love so closely bound,
That seldom were they separate found.
The upland lawns when summer ed,
They ranged the meadows side by side;
And when gaunt famine chased them thence,
They overleap'd the garden fence,
Dividing without strife or coil,
Like ministers of state, the spoil.
In that gay season when the Hours,
Spring's handmaids, strew the earth with flowers,
Our pair walk'd forth, and frisk'd and play'd,
And cropt the herbage as they stray'd.
'Twas evening—stillness reign'd around,
And dews refresh'd the thirsty ground;
When, homeward browsing, both inhale
Unusual fragrance from the gale.
It was a garden, compass'd round
With thorns, (a perfect Indian mound),
Through which they saw enough within,
To make a drove of asses sin.
No watchdog—gard'ner—all was hush'd;
They bless'd their stars, and in they push'd;
Fell to with eager haste, and wasted
Ten cabbages, for one they tasted.
And now the Ass (to fullness fed)
Cherish'd strange fancies in his head;
On nature's carpet idly roll'd,
By care or prudence uncontrol'd;
His pride froth'd up, his self-conceit,
And thus it bubbled forth:—"How sweet,
Prince of the branching antlers wide,
The mirth-inspiring moments glide!
How grateful are the hours of spring,
What odours sweet the breezes bring!
The musky air to joy invites,
And drowns the senses in delights.
Deep 'mid the waving cypress boughs,
Turtles exchange their amorous vows;
While, from his rose's fragrant lips,
The bird of eve love's nectar sips.
Where'er I throw my eyes around,
All seems to me enchanted ground;
And night, while Cynthia's silvery gleam
Sleeps on the lawn, the grove, the stream,
Heart-soothing night, for nothing longs,
But one of my melodious songs,
To lap the world in bliss, and show
A perfect paradise below!
When youth's warm blood shall cease to flow,
And beauty's cheek no longer glow;
When these soft graceful limbs, grown old,
Shall feel Time's fingers, icy cold;
Close in his chilling arms embraced,
What pleasures can I hope to taste?
What sweet delight in Age's train?
Spring will return, but ah! in vain."
The Stag, half pitying half, amazed,
Upon his old associate gazed;
"What! hast thou lost thy wits?" he cried,
"Or art thou dreaming, open-ey'd?
Sing, quotha! was there ever bred
In any mortal ass's head
So strange a thought! But, no offence—
What if we first remove from hence;
And talk, as erst, of straw and oats,
Of scurvy fare, and mangy coats.
Of heavy loads, or worse than those,
Of cruel drivers, and hard blows?
For recollect, my gentle friend,
We're thieves, and plunder is our end.
See! through what parsley we've been toiling,
And what fine spinage we are spoiling!
'He most of all doth outrage reason,
'Who fondly singeth out of season.'
A proverb that, in sense, surpasses
The brains combined of stags and asses:
Yet, for I must thy perils trace,
Sweet bulbul* of the long-ear'd race!
Soft soul of harmony! yet hear;
If thou wilt rashly charm our ear,
And with thy warblings, loud and deep,
Unseal the leaden eye of sleep;
Roused by thy song, and arm'd with staves,
The gard'ner, and a host of slaves,
To mourning will convert thy strains,
And make their pastime of thy pains."
His nose in scorn the songster rears,
Pricks up his twinkling length of ears,
And proudly thus he shot his bolt:
"Thou soulless, senseless, tasteless dolt!
If, when in vulgar prose I try
My voice, the soul in extacy
Will to the pale lip trembling flee,
And pant and struggle to get free,
Must not my song———"
"O, past pretence!
The ear must be deprived of sense,"
Rejoin'd the Stag,—"form'd of dull clay,
The heart that melts not at thy lay!
But hold, my ardent prayer attend,
Nor yet with songs the welkin rend;
Still the sweet murmur in thy throat,
Prelusive of the thrilling note!
Nor shrink not up thy nostrils, friend,
Nor thy fair ample jaws extend;
Lest thou repent thee, when too late,
And moan thy pains, and well-earn'd fate."
Impatience stung the warbler's soul,
Greatly he spurn'd the mean control;
And from the verdant turf uprear'd,
He on his friend contemptuous leer'd;

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* The Persian word for Nightingale.

Stretch'd his lean neck, and wildly stared,
His dulcet pitch-pipe then prepared,
His flaky ears prick'd up withal,
And stood in posture musical.
"Ah!" thought the Stag, "I greatly fear,
Since he his throat begins to clear,
And strains and stares, he will not long
Deprive us of his promised song.
Friendship to safety well may yield."
He said, and nimbly fled the field.
Alone at length, the warbler Ass
Would every former strain surpass;
So right he aim'd, so loud he bray'd,
The forest shook, night seem'd afraid,
And starting at the well-known sound,
The gard'ners from their pallets bound;
The scared musician this pursues,
That stops him with insidious noose;
Now to a tree behold him tied,
Whilst both prepare to take his hide.
But first his cudgel either rears,
And plies his ribs, his nose, his ears;
His head converted to a jelly,
His back confounded with his belly;
All bruised without, all broke within,
To leaves they now convert his skin;
Whereon, in characters of gold,
For all good asses, young and old,
This short instructive tale is told.

To England, on the Slave-trade.

Of all thy foreign crimes, from pole to pole,
None moves such indignation in my soul,
Such hate, such deep abhorrence, as thy *trade*
In human beings!
Thy ignorance thou dar'st to plead no more;
The proofs have thunder'd from the Afric shore.
Behold, behold, yon rows ranged over rows,
Of death with dying linked in death's last throes.
Behold a single victim of despair,
Dragged upon deck to gasp the ocean air;
Devoid of fear, he hears the tempest rise,—
The ship desending 'tween the waves, he eyes
With eager hope; he thinks his woes shall end:
Sunk in despair he sees her still ascend.
What barbarous race are authors of his woes?
With freights of fetters, who the vessel stows!
Who manufactures thumb-screws? who the scourge?
Whose navies shield the pirates o'er the surge?
Who, from the mother's arms, the clinging child
Tears? It is England,—merciful and mild!
Most impious race, who brave the watery realm
In blood-fraught barks, with Murder at the helm!
Who trade in tortures, profit draw from pain,
And even whose mercy is but love of gain!
Whose human cargoes carefully are pack't
By rule and square, *according to the Act!*—
And is that gore-drenched flag by you unfurl'd,
Champions of right, knights-errant of the world?
"Yes, yes," your Commons said, "*Let such things be,*
"*If* OTHERS *rob and murder, why not* WE?"
In the smooth'd speech, and in the unpraised hand,
I hear the lash, I hear the fierce command;
Each guilty *nay* ten thousand crimes decreed,
And English *mercy* said, Let millions bleed!

The Thanksgiving off Cape Trafalgar.

Upon the high, yet gently rolling wave,
The floating tomb that heaves above the brave,
Soft sighs the gale that late tremendous roar'd,
Whelming the wretched remnants of the sword.
And now the cannon's peaceful summons calls
The victor bands, to mount their wooden walls,
And from the ramparts, where their comrades fell,
The mingled strain of joy and grief to swell:
Fast they ascend, from stem to stern they spread,
And crowd the engines whence the lightnings sped:
The white-robed priest his upraised hands extends,
Hushed is each voice, attention leaning bends;
Then from each prow the grand hosannas rise,
Float o'er the deep, and hover to the skies.
Heaven fills each heart; yet Home will oft intrude,
And tears of love, celestial joys exclude.
The wounded man, who hears the soaring strain,
Lifts his pale visage, and forgets his pain;
While parting spirits, mingling with the lay,
On halleluiahs wing their heavenward way.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. II.] *Philadelphia, Wednesday, December* 31, 1806. No. 52.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 22.

Un caractère bien fade est celui de n'en avoir aucun. LABRUYERE.

To mark the manners, and reform the man. ANON.

I hope not to be reckoned among the idle or the malicious aspersers of that sex which at least divides with my own, all that dignifies as well as all that adorns our common nature, if I draw from a German writer, for the new entertainment of this day, the picture of a certain *versatility*, which might be illustrated with equal success in the male as in the female character. I desire always to think of *woman* with that favourable sentiment, which, as the poet has both archly and prettily suggested, becomes a *woman's son*:—

Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won;
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
And when a *woman* woos, what *woman's son*
Will sourly leave her till she has prevail'd?

Flavia, who resides in one of the smaller cities of Germany, is a rich young Widow, the character of whom has long been the subject of controversy among her neighbours.

During the lifetime of a late privy counsellor, who was her fellow citizen, and who was a great admirer of the fashionable productions of the press, Flavia devoted herself, from morning till night, to the reading of romances. After his decease, there was another conspicuous personage in the town, a doctor of medicine, who doated on balls and entertainments; and Flavia threw all her books aside, and gave herself up to dress and dancing. At length, the sovereign of the principality thought proper to send a reverend dean, and truly pious man, to reside in this provincial city. Flavia immediately renounced her balls; not to return to her romances, but to hold little assemblies at her house; to which none but persons religiously disposed were invited.

Upon this sudden and peculiarly remarkable change, these different opinions of Flavia were broached, and became the subjects of endless discussions.

The president of the college, who was a wit, and a writer in a literary journal, had an expeditious solution for the problem; for he maintained that Flavia had no character at all, and that a poet could make nothing of her, either on the stage, or in a novel.

The dean, and his followers, were also very earnest in delivering sentiments on this occasion. Flavia, they said, had been a worldly-minded person; one who, after corrupting her private hours by the study of profane writings, had afterward openly espoused the cause of iniquity, by appearing at balls, plays, and similar diversions, suitable

to the depraved taste of unthinking youth; but that of late, a happy conversion had taken place, and that nothing could equal the sincerity of her repentance.

The whole attention of the doctor was directed to the animal system of Flavia, and by no means to the religious or moral constitution of her mind. This lady, said he, has ruined her health, in the first instance, by a too sedentary life, and too close application to books, and in the second, by a long run of sleepless nights, through which, by degrees, the whole mass of her blood has been overheated and thickened: a slight course of bleeding, and some Seltzer water, in the spring, might be of service to her.

Each of these gentlemen, it is plain, had a system of his own; a perspective, through the medium of which all objects appeared to him of one hue. As to the rest of the neighbours, conscious, on the one hand, of their own short-sightedness, and placing on the other, unlimited confidence in the glasses of those that have been mentioned, each adopted one of the foregoing opinions, according as he was more or less connected with the author, or as it agreed with some interest of his own.

The bookseller, who had pocketed a pretty considerable sum by the large orders for spiritual books, with which he had served Flavia, was entirely with the church party, and felt the liveliest joy at the unlooked-for conversion.

The dress-maker, whose best customer Flavia had been, and who had now wholly lost her custom, supported, or rather went beyond the doctor, giving, to what he called melancholy, the name of madness.

The shoemaker, who suffered only partially, was of the moderate opinion of the president, and only lamented that so charming a lady as Flavia should not know her own mind.

Only one man in the city, a man quite of the common stamp, and a linen-draper by trade, but one who had not impaired his sight, which was naturally good, by the use of spectacles or glasses; and who, besides, had never shared in any part of the custom of Flavia; this man had a better guess than all the rest, and was fortunate enough to dive into the truth.

Being, one sunday, in company with certain of his fellow citizens, and the bookseller introducing the subject, which he did by the following ejaculation, accompanied by a deep sigh, 'The grace 'of God has wrought miracles upon our neighbour, Mrs. Flavia!' he maintained roundly to his face, that, on the contrary, the finger of heaven had had nothing to do in the business. A moment after, flatly he contradicted the dress maker, who was for constructing the whole into madness, and the shoemaker, who, repeating his old common-place, alledged, that 'She did not know what she would be at!

This lady, said the linen-draper, understands perfectly well what she is about; and if you, my friends, were not blind, you would understand it too. Pray, tell me, who was the person held in most estimation, in our city, during the life-time of the late privy-counsellor?—The privy-counsellor himself.—And, after his death, when the doctor came to reside among us, to whom did we pull off our hats with the greatest ceremony?—why nobody but the doctor. And, when his highness thought proper to send among us the dean, who was the man that made a greater figure in the town than the doctor?—No other than the dean himself.—Very well! only weigh this circumstance as you ought, and you will find the matter out.

The whole company smiled; and the general opinion was, that the little linen-draper, notwithstanding his dull heavy look, had given a true explanation; an opinion which elated him much, and emboldened him to proceed: 'Yes, gentlemen,' added he, striking the table with his fist, if this dean should chance to die, and no person succeed in his office, I give you my word for it, the lady will return again to the doctor, and his balls!'

Circumstances did not exactly fall out in this manner; but what actually came to pass was not very different in its nature. The prince, who was a very religious sovereign, recalled

the dean to his court, where he made him his confessor; and, shortly after, sent a regiment to this obscure city. The major of the regiment, a very personable man, carried his wife, soon after his arrival, to sup with Flavia; and Flavia returned the compliment at the major's. The major's wife, when, in the dress of an amazon, she mounted her horse, was the admiration of the whole city, for the elegance of her figure, and the gracefulness of her carriage. Flavia, who was convinced that her own figure and carriage were in no wise inferior to those of the major's wife, lost no time in purchasing a horse, and was soon seen at the side of the fair stranger, dressed also like an amazon, in a green jacket, edged with gold.

'This woman has no character at all!' exclaimed the president of the college, as she passed under his window.

The parish-priest, returning from visiting the sick, pronounced her no longer in a state of grace.

'This is as it should be!' cried the doctor, as he sat at his door, on the opposite side of the way, smoking his pipe, in the morning: 'This is as it 'should be! she observes a better regi-'men now, and takes the air. I' faith, 'she is in a fair way of recovery!'

Thus each found in the new occurrence something to strengthen, or at least agree with his own system; and, what ought to have undeceived them, served only to confirm them in their error. But the linen-draper, once more, considered the subject in its proper point of view. Meeting Flavia, near the bleaching-ground, on horse back, and in her military costume, he shook his great head, and said, within himself, 'See, what vanity can do!'

For the Port Folio.

POETICAL INQUIRIES.

No. 12.

THE MOALLAKAT.

POEM IV.—BY LEBEID, CONTINUED.

The poem of Lebeid abounds with beauties of the highest order; and, though it is possible, that among its six companions, there may be others that possess a stronger charm for native readers, with foreigners, at least, it is this that must take undisputed possession of the first rank. Others may surpass him in popular allusions or sentiments, in favorite descriptions, and even a daring energy; but his genius leads him to the tender and the beautiful, and in these walks he has in the whole Moallakat, no rival. Every delicate and interesting circumstance presents itself to his imagination, and is ready to his pen. What exquisite painting have we in his address to the remains of the camp, and his narrative of the departure of the tribe! Of the camp, nought is left but the *trenches*, called by Sir William Jones the *canals*, cut round the tents, to drain the spot on which they stand, *and the thumaam-plants with which they are poised.*

The sound of striking the tents is a very beautiful circumstance: 'How were thy tender affections raised, when the damsels of the tribe departed; when they hid themselves in carriages of cotton, *like antelopes hid in their lair*, and the tents, as they were struck, gave a piercing sound.'—Surely we hear and see this departure!

'They were concealed in vehicles well covered with awnings and carpets, with fine-spun curtains and pictured [embroidered] veils: a company of maidens were seated in them, like wild heifers of Tudah, or the roes of Wegera tenderly gazing on their young. They hastened their camels, till the sultry vapour gradually stole them from my sight; and they seemed to pass through a vale, wild with tamarisks and rough with large stones, like the valley of Beisha.' This fine picture is followed by the remonstrances of Lebeid's companions against the continued indulgence of a hopeless passion; but he, resolved to visit her, commences the description of his camel.

It is here, as well as in every place where the manners of animals are to be drawn, that the genius of Lebeid bursts forth with peculiar lustre. In the passage just quoted, he compares the females of the tribe with the roes

of Wegera, *tenderly gazing on their young;* and, in his sketch of the valley in which the camp had stood, he tells us, that there *the large-eyed wild cows lie suckling their young, who will soon become a herd on the plain.* But, in the description of the camel, we have two of the finest pictures, of this class, that poetry can show; that of the male and female wild ass, in their savage retirement, and that of the *wild-cow, whose calf has been devoured.* Buffon is admired as the *biographer* of animals, and surely Lebeid is their *poet!*—'A female wild-ass, whose teats are distended with milk, while the male, by whom she is with foal, is grown lean with driving his rivals from her, with biting and kicking them in his rage. He runs with her up the crooked hills, although he has been wounded in his battles; but her present coyness, compared with her late fondness, fills him with surprise. He ascends the sandy hillocks of Thalbut, and explores its deserted top, fearing lest an enemy should lurk behind the guide-stones. There they remain till the close of the sixth month, till the frosty season is past: they subsist on herbage, without water; their time of fasting is long. The thorns of the buhma-plant wound their hind-legs; and the sultry winds of summer drive them violently on their course. At length, *they form in their minds a fixed resolution* of seeking some cool rivulet, and the object of their *settled purpose* is nearly attained. They alternately raise high clouds of dust, with an extended shade. He passes on, but makes her run before him; for such is his usual course, when he fears that she will linger behind. They rush over the margin of the rivulet; they divide the waters of the full stream.

The lively simplicity of this picture will recommend it to every reader; in that which follows, are many exquisite touches:—'A wild cow, whose calf has been devoured by ravenous wild beasts, when she had *suffered* him to graze apart, and *relied for his protection* on the leader of the herd; a mother with flat nostrils, who, as soon as she misses her young, ceases not to run hastily round the vales between the sand-hills, and to fill them with her mournful cries; *with cries for her white-haired young*, who now lies rolled in dust, after the dun wolves, hunters of the desert, have divided his mangled limbs, and their feast has not been interrupted.—They met him *in the moment of her neglect;* they seized him with agerness; for, oh! how unerring are the arrows of death!' What a collection of beautiful circumstances follow:—'She passes the night in agony, while the rain falls in a continued shower, and drenches the tangled groves with a profuse stream. She shelters herself under the root of a tree, whose boughs are thick, apart from the other trees, whose fine sounds are shaken by her motion: yet the successive drops fall on her striped back, while the clouds of night veil the light of the stars. Her white hair glimmers when the darkness is just coming on, and sparkles like the pearls of a merchant, when he scatters them from the string. At length, when the clouds are dispersed, she rises early, and her hoofs glide on the slippery ground. She grows impatient, and wild with grief; she lies frantic in the pool of Soayed for seven whole days, with their twin sisters, and now she is in total despair: her teats, which were full of milk, are grown flaccid and dry, though they are not worn by suckling and weaning her young.'

We may observe the art of the poet, in thus heightening the distress of his picture by the introduction of a heavy rain, which drives the *mother with flat nostrils* under the shelter of a tree, a tree, the poet tells us, grows among others, with a straight and naked stem, but one that stands apart, and has spreading branches. The fine sand at its foot trembles with her motion. But, under this tree, still the rain falls in successive drops on her striped back. To tell us that her back is *striped* is to enable us to see it; had the rain fallen on *her back* only; so general a picture would have affected us but little. The horror of darkness is superadded to that of the rain; this is nothing extraordinary; but the judicious poet could not neglect to present it to our imagination: we might have overlooked it. The circumstance

that follows none but a rural poet could have thought of delineating; but it is a genuine touch: *Her white hair glimmers amid the darkness of the evening.* 'At length, when the clouds are dispersed, she *rises early.*' Every cow does this; but what rural painting! She rises early, *to seek her young.* Yet another distressful circumstance: amid the impatience of her mind, her hoofs slide on the slippery ground. Then, the fever which follows, and induces her to lie seven days and nights in the pool of Soayed! and, lastly, her teats, which are flaccid and dry, *though they are not worn by suckling and weaning her young.* The gaiety of the strains that follow, and the description of the horse, are also among the distinguished beauties of this poem.

The Mahommedan writers tell a story of Lebeid, which deserves to be mentioned here: it was a custom, it seems, among the old Arabians, for the most eminent versifiers to hang up some chosen couplets on the gate of the temple, as a public challenge to their brethren, who strove to answer them before the next meeting, at Ocadh. Now Lebeid, who, we are told, had been a violent opposer of Mahommed, fixed a poem on the gate, beginning with the following distich, in which he apparently meant to reflect on the new religion: *Are not all things in vain, which come not from God? and will not all honours decay, but those which he confers?* These lines appeared so sublime, that none of the poets ventured to answer them; till Mahommed, who was himself a poet, having composed a new chapter of his Alcoran (the second I think), placed the opening of it by the side of Lebeid's poem, who no sooner read it, than he declared it to be something divine, confessed his own inferiority, tore his verses from the gate, and embraced the religion of his rival; to whom he was afterwards extremely useful in replying to the satires of Amriolkais, who was continually attacking the doctrine of Mahommed: the Asiatics add, that their lawgiver acknowledged, some time after, that no heathen poet had ever produced a nobler distich than that of Lebeid just quoted.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

THE ADELPHIAD.

No. 52.

The thanks of mankind are undoubtedly due to the biographer of Cowper, for giving us so much in the language of his author, and so little in his own. Adopting a mode of writing sanctioned by a respectable modern precedent, he has arranged the familiar letters of Cowper to his friends in the order of time in which they were written, and has thus made his author *speak his own Biography.* A man must be blind indeed to the beauties of polite writing, who does not see, at a single glance, how far the style of Cowper transcends his biographer. However, all criticism on this subject is foreign from our present purpose. The reader will observe in these interesting memoirs a man constitutionally miserable. The nerves of Cowper were formed dangerously delicate. Those little rubs and vexations of life, which in an ordinary man would have been forgotten as soon as felt, deranged the whole œconomy of a system so peculiarly formed. Added to this susceptibility of misery, he was afflicted with a melancholy that overshadowed his whole life, and sometimes brooded on his mind with Egyptian darkness. It is difficult to conceive the misery of such a life protracted to a late date, when another phantom more terrible still was added to this melancholy group, *despondency of salvation.* Characters of this kind are not formed for active life. All that can be expected from them is, that in a state of seclusion from the world, surrounded only by a circle of a few select friends, in the midst of innocent avocations and amusements, they would endeavour to nurse their diseased minds into tranquility and repose. Hence arose Cowper's passion for retirement, which was so inveterate, that nothing could subdue it. The glitter and decorations of London had no fascinations for a mind sick and sore under the pressure of constitutional evil. The integrity of his virtue he kept to the

last. Nothing can be a more interesting spectacle than to see calm and patient virtue suffering, but not repining, at the afflictions of Providence, and awaiting the hour of its dissolution, and majestic in the midst of its sorrows. The brilliancy of Cowper's character acquired new force from surrounding darkness. For a long period of his life, his reason was unable to cope with opponents so powerful, and the diseases of his mind settled into insanity. A Reverend Divine, in his funeral sermon, wantonly exposed a part of his character in these awful moments, which natural delicacy, a tenderness for the memory of the deceased, and above all a regard to the religion which he professed, should have taught him to conceal. The public have no right to know what is done or attempted by any man in his hours of insanity, and no one can divulge it without a shameful dereliction of duty. The biographer has drawn a benevolent veil over this part of Cowper's life, and testified by his silence his respect to his memory. Whenever it comports with the designs of a mysterious and inscrutable Providence to deprive a fellow-mortal of his reason, we may justly tremble for the integrity of our own. A restless night, a mind broken by the anxieties of business, deep study, sickness or lassitude, the most ordinary vicissitude to which human nature is liable, frequently converts the man of brilliant intellect into a candidate for Bedlam. Genius is peculiarly liable to such tremendous attacks. That rapid and intuitive glance of the mind on the subject, and that facility of combination which are the distinguishing properties of genius, are of themselves nearly allied to insanity. From this cause perhaps, more than any other, men who were regarded by their own time and by after ages as prodigies of genius, have paid dearly for the value of the boon, and fell martyrs to madness. Such a malady calls for the tear of compassion, for all the aids that charity can lend, and a benevolent concealment of its actions. Thus was Cowper afflicted; he turned his back on the kindling glories of the firmament, and contemplated the gloom of his own shadow. We shall shortly see that his page is oppressed by the melancholy of his life, to which it is a faithful expositor.

THE ADELPHIAD.

No. 59.

There is a ridiculous kind of prudery in definition, when applied to particular objects. Men who have worn away their intellects against the sharp corners of a triangle, judge of poetry as they would of a mathematical problem. It is a sufficient answer to all such affectation of precision to say, that *poetry appeals to the passions, and is therefore incapable of definition.* So long as the heart is delighted; so long as the reader's passions flow in the same channel with the author's; whatever rigid pedantry may say in disparagement, the *poetry is good.* Nature, in the production of the mind, acts as she does in *external creation.* Here the eye roves over a range of prospect disposed with *mathematical exactness*; and there it groups together mountains, rivers and forests, with a *license truly poetic.* In short, poetry, like the occult forces in nature, is best known by the effect. The page of Thomson resembles a pellucid lake, where the spectator beholds the earth, the sky, and all the gay varieties of creation, reflected in a fair and regular proportion. We gaze on the multitude of objects there assembled, with an equanimity of pleasure, until some superior thought, like a curl upon the surface of the lake, causes the mind to swell with joy and admiration.

Personification of inanimate objects has ever been a dexterous engine in the hands of the poet. The reader will observe how Thomson has managed it. We contemplate with complacency the character of Russia's illustrious Peter, until the last line lifts the mind from its serenity into a swell of delight.

" Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;
And roaming every land, in every part,
(His sceptre laid aside) with glorious hand
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the seeds of trade, and useful arts,
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.

Charg'd with the stores of Eùrope, home he goes;
Then cities rise amidst the illumin'd waste;
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
Far distant flood to flood is *social* join'd;
The astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar."

The endowing one object with the properties of another, to which it bears a remote and fantastic affinity, forms another prerogative of the poet. This enables him to give to his subjects new properties, not obvious to an ordinary eye. How finely has Thomson availed himself of this privilege to tell us, that the polar regions are uninhabitable! His muse, it seems, is

" Still pressing on beyond Tornea's lake,
And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,
And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
Where, failing gradual, life itself goes out."

Thomson's muse is usually too delicate for satire; but occasionally she assumes a tone of reproof. The clergyman, who mixes in riot and dissipation, and appropriates to his own enjoyment what he censures in others, may recognize in Thomson's mirror the fidelity of the original.

" Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch;
Awful and deep, a *black abyss of drink*,
Outlives them all; and from his *buried flock*
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times!"

It is well known that our passions are variously affected by our different circumstances in life. Whether the heart is exhilarated by hope, or depressed by despair, confirmed by confidence, or shaken by doubt, it still obeys the impulse of accident. The poet must therefore consider the human heart in all its relations, and trace the vicissitudes of passion *according to the visissitude of events*. He must accommodate his mind to the situation of his hero, and pour out his own passions through the channel of another. This is what is called *writing from nature*. The reader then goes hand in hand with the author, and is amazed to find the feelings of his own heart so forcibly expressed by a stranger to its sensations. Let us now try Thomson by this test.—Observe now the night-bewildered man, in the midst of a snow-drift, " stung with the thoughts of home," yet fearing to proceed, not knowing what treachery lies lurking beneath its deceitful surface.

" Then throng the *busy* shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent, beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge
Smooth'd up with snow, and what is land unknown,
What water of the yet unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh, or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
Mix'd with the tender anguish, nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the *dying man.*"

The poet has not left to conjecture what the cause of this anguish is; for

" Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friend, nor *sacred* home."

There is certainly some propinquity between the following passages from Thomson and Gray:

" In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence."

" For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share."

Let us now reverse this gloomy picture; for it is injustice to our bard to suppose him capable of leaving the heart of his reader in a melancholy state. Behold now the sheep in the hands of the shearer:

His benevolence, on which we have commented so much, is again awakened, and vents itself in the following beautiful apostrophe:

" How meek! how patient! the mild creature lies!
What softness in his melancholy face!
What dumb complaining innocence appears!"
" Fear not, ye gentle tribes; 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you war'd;
No, 'tis the *tender* swain's well-guarded shears,
Who, having now to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a *cumberous load*,
Will send you *bounding* to your hills again."

W.

For the Port Folio.

For the following sketch of Stanley, an early English writer, we are indebted to the researches of George Ellis, Esq. The specimens of poetry that follow, are very honourable to the talents of the author.

He was a very learned editor of Æschylus and the author of "The History of Philosophy," and nephew of Sandys, the traveller and poet. He pursued his studies first at home, and afterwards in Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, under the direction of Mr William Fairfax, son to the celebrated translator of Tasso. Having continued at the university till he had taken the degree of A. M. and been admitted to the same at Oxford, 1640, he then travelled in foreign countries; and on his return lived, during part of the civil wars, in the Middle Temple. He was the friend of Shirley, Sherburne, Hall, and Suckling. His poems, 1651, 12mo. consist principally of translations, with a few original compositions, from which the following specimens are borrowed. He married when young, and died in 1678.*

Philips, after commending his other works, adds that Stanley was particularly honoured for his smooth air and gentle spirit in poetry; which appears not only in his own genuine poems, but also from what he has so well translated out of ancient Geek, and modern Italian, Spanish and French poets, as to make his own.

SONG.

When, dearest Beauty, thou shalt pay
Thy faith and my vain hope away,
To some dull soul that cannot know
The worth of that thou dost bestow:
Lest with my sighs and tears I might
Disturb thy unconfin'd delight,
To some dark shade I will retire,
And there, forgot by all, expire.
Thus while the difference thou shall prove,
Betwixt a feign'd and real love,
Whilst he more happy, but less true,
Shall reap those joys I do pursue:
And will those pleasures crowned be,
Which faith, which love, design'd for me?
Then those perhaps thyself will find,
Cruel too long, or too soon kind.

Though when I lov'd thee, thou wert fair,
Thou art no longer so:
Those glories all the pride they wear,
Unto opinion owe.
Beauties, like stars, in borrow'd lustre shine,
And 'twas my love that gave thee thine.
The flames, which dwell within thine eye,
Do ne'er with mine expire;
Thy brightest graces fade and die,
At once with my desire.
Love's fires thus mutual influence return,
Thine cease to shine when mine to burn.
Then, proud Celinda, hope no more,
To be implor'd or woo'd;
Since by thy scorn thou dost restore
The wealth my love bestow'd.
And thy despis'd disdain too late shall find
That none are fair, but who are kind.

LOVE'S HERETIC.

He, whose active thoughts disdain
To be captive to one foe,
And would break his single chain,
Or else more would undergo;
Let him learn the art of me,
By new bondage to be free.

What tyrannic mistress dare
To one beauty love confine?
Who, unbounded as the air,
All may court, but none decline.
Why should we the heart deny,
As many objects as the eye?

Wheresoe'er I turn or move,
A new passion doth detain me;
Those kind beauties, that do love,
Or those proud ones, that disdain me:
This frown melts, and that smile burns me;
This to tears, that ashes turns me.

Soft fresh virgins, not full blown,
With their youthful sweetness take me;
Sober matrons, that have known,
Long since, what these prove, awake me;
Here, staid coldness I admire,
There, the lively active fire.

She that doth by skill dispense
Every favour she bestows;
Or the harmless inocence,
Which no court nor city knows;
Both alike my soul inflame,
That wild beauty, and this tame.

She, that wisely can adorn,
Nature with the wreath of art,
Or whose rural sweets do scorn
Borrowed helps to take a heart;
The vain care of that 's my pleasure,
Poverty of this, my treasure.

Both the wanton and the coy,
Me with equal pleasures move;
She whom I by force enjoy,
Or who forceth me to love;
This because she'll not confess,
That, not hide her happiness.

She, whose loosely flowing hair,
Scatter'd like the beams o' th' morn,

* See Langbain. Wood's Fasti, I. 284, and the Biographia Britannica.

Playing with the sportive air,
Hides the sweets it doth adorn;
Captive in the net restrains me,
In those golden fetters chains me.

Nor doth she with power less bright,
My divided heart invade,
Whose soft tresses spread, like night,
O'er her shoulders a black shade;
For the starlight of her eyes,
Brightly shines through those dark skies.

Black, or fair, or tall, or low,
I alike with all can sport,
The bold sprightly Thaïs woo,
Or the frozen vestal court:
Every beauty takes my mind,
Tied to all—to none confin'd.

[In the Boston Repertory, a political gazette of uncommon merit, we find the following ingenious and satirical article. From internal evidence, we ascribe it to one of the first orators and statesman in our country: a splendid and a sound character, whose industry keeps pace with his genius, and whose integrity is not less pure than his style.]

'A man who has travelled in Europe will be struck, when he returns to his own country, at the style of our newspapers. He will see Bonaparte play Emperor with a body-guard of tall grenadiers of some thousands. He will see a little German prince, who has less land in his principality than belongs to the heirs of the late Mr. Bingham, in our eastern country, parade it with a military establishment, twice as large as that of the United States. The King of Prussia, with a population little more numerous than that of the United States, is going to stand the first shock of the French, which is always impetuous.

The American nation is highly civilized, full of resources, of an enterprising spirit, and growing up to greatness as rapidly as their own Indian corn. There is no country where men are produced so fast, or where their labour is worth so much, or so much in demand. Of course, a pair of hands is a part of the public stock, and of the stock too that brings in the highest interest and profit of any. Every male child comes into the world with a purse of one hundred guineas in his hand.

An American returning from France or England will be struck, we repeat it, with the style of our newspapers. For instance:

"There will certainly be war on the frontier next to Mexico. The Spaniards are in force 1500 regular troops, chiefly cavalry, and General Wilkinson, the commander in chief of our regular troops, has advanced to meet them. Our army is 300 strong. A reinforcement of 100 militia is expected from the province of Louisiana. Notwithstanding the inequality of force, Gen. Wilkinson, who thinks a battle inevitable, hopes to give a good account of the enemy! ! !"

In the foregoing, there is no exaggeration of the ridiculous tenor of our newspaper articles.

One would really think the republick of St. Marino were going to war. When *Roxbury* voted not to arm its shipping, even Roxbury could have arrayed as great an army, and a Commander in Chief as high in rank as Gen. Wilkinson.

The diminutive part we play in the great world is unspeakably shameful. A nation that we have fondly hoped was born for glory, and destined to play a great and conspicuous part on the world's stage, is let down by a coward's reign, below notice. We seem to have dropt through a scuttle, and to have disappeared from off the stage. The world must see cause to think better of us before it will honour us with its contempt.

Our several play-houses have as many candle-snuffers as poor Wilkinson has soldiers: and these candle-snuffers are sometimes paraded, alas, with what danger to liberty! as soldiers. Massachusetts, with almost 500 townships, has more constables. The several States and Congress can muster nearly two thousand legislators, rank and file; and dire work they make of it for six weeks every year.

Yet our STANDING ARMY, that is less numerous than our gangs of counterfeiters, our play-house candle-snuffers, our constables, or our legislators, has produced a dreadful revolution in our government, and to this day will not let our people sleep.'

The genius of the Englishman, Opie, or American, West, might embody on canvass the following images of a real poet. SCOTT, in his lay of the last Minstrel, a poem of which we can never tire, has displayed powers of genius, that, not only in the present, but in the after time, will ensure him the Poet's meed.

EXTRACT

From Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.

So passed the day—the evening fell;
'Twas near the time of curfew bell;
The air was mild, the wind was calm,
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm;
E'en the rude watchmen on the tower
Enjoy'd and bless'd the lovely hour.
Far more fair Margaret lov'd and blest
The hour of silence and of rest.
On the high turret, sitting lone,
She wak'd at times the lute's soft tone;
Touch'd a wild note, and all between,
Thought of the bower of hawthorns green;
Her golden hair stream'd free from band,
Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
Her blue eye sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.

Is yon the star o'er Penchryst-Pen,
That rises slowly to her ken,
And spreading broad its wavering light,
Shakes its loose tresses on the night?
Is yon red glare the western star?——
O, 'tis the beacon-blaze of war!
Scarce could she draw her tightened breath,
For well she knew the fire of death!

The warder view'd it blazing strong,
And blew his war-note loud and long,
Till, at the high and haughty sound,
Rock, wood and river, rung around:
The blast alarm'd the festal hall,
And started forth the warriors all;
Far downward in the castle-yard,
Full many a torch and cresset glar'd;
And helms and plumes, confus'dly tossed,
Were in the blaze half seen, half lost;
And spears in wild disorder shook,
Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

The Seneschal, whose silver hair
Was reddened by the torch's glare,
Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,
And issued forth his mandates loud—
"On Penchryst glows a ball of fire,
And three are kindling on Priesthaugswire,"
&c.

For the Port Folio.

[The genius of D'Israeli, who is extremely happy in his recollection, and elegant in his manner of telling anecdotes of literature, has adorned the ensuing narrative with his usual grace. Miss Edgworth alludes to this Jewish fable, very ingeniously, in her Practical Education.]

SOLOMON AND SHEBA.

From the curiosities of literature.

I recollect a pretty story, which, in the Talmud or Gemara, some Rabbi has attributed to Solomon.

At the foot of the throne stood the queen of Sheba; in each hand she held a wreath of flowers; the one composed of natural, the other of artificial flowers. Art, in the labor of the mimic wreath, had exquisitely emulated the lively hues, and the variegated beauties of nature; so that at the distance it was held by the queen for the inspection of the king, it was deemed impossible for him to decide, as her question imported, which was the natural and which the artificial. The sagacious Solomon seemed posed; yet to be vanquished, tho' in a trifle, by a trifling woman, irritated his pride. The son of David—he who had written treatises on the vegetable productions, "from the cedar to the hyssop," to acknowledge himself outwitted by a woman with shreds of paper and glazed paintings! The honor of the monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished, and the whole Jewish court looked solemn and melancholy. At length an expedient presented itself to the king—and, it must be confessed, worthy of the Natural Philosopher. Observing a cluster of bees hovering round a window, he commanded that it should be opened. It was opened. The bees rushed into the court, and lighted immediately on one of the wreaths, while not a single one fixed on the other: the decision was not then difficult: the learned Rabbi shook their heads in rapture, and the baffled Sheba had one more reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon.

This would make a pretty poetical tale; it would yield an elegant description, and a pleasing moral; that the bee only rests on the natural beauties, and never fixes on the painted flowers, however inimitably the colour may be laid on. This applied to the ladies would give it pungency.

For the Port Folio.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

[For the amusement of the general reader, as well as for the edification of the gentlemen of the Bar, we delight sometimes to select from the Law Reports of London, such cases, as may excite a smile in the countenance of the gravest Judge or Barrister.]

Middlesex sessions, Sept. 16.

ASSAULT AND CRIM. CON.

Mrs. MARY HIGGINS, a responsible dealer in *oysters*, *muscles*, *periwinkles*, *&c. &c.* from the purlieus of Carnaby Market, was indicted for violently assaulting a female friend, named Elizabeth Bradley. From the testimony of the Prosecutrix it appeared, that the Defendant is the wife of a shoe-maker, who carries on his leathern operations in a room contiguous to the stall of his rib; that Mrs. B. who was an acquaintance of the family, one day paid them a morning visit, either for the purpose of tasting Mrs. Higgins's oysters, or having her shoes heeltapped by her friend Crispin. But, as those friendly meetings are seldom deemed *cordial* without a modicum of *gin* or *anniseed*, just to oil the wheels of affection, Mrs. Higgins was detached with her *pocket-pistol* for a pint of Hodges's *best high flavoured juniper*," leaving her *sposo* and her female friend *tête-à-tête*; but on her return with the reviving elixir, what was her astonishment and indignation to find her *sposo* and her friend in a situation not to be named! the gin bottle flew at their heads in an instant: *lasts*, *lap-stones*, *hammers*, and *pegging awls*, following in quick succession.—Mrs. Higgins *bristling* up with anger, *waxed* exceeding wroth; and, brandishing the *boot-trees*, threatened to *close* her husband's days, and put an *end* to her life.

"Conscience makes cowards of us all."

—CRISPIN, terrified at the vengeance of his enraged *sposa*, apprehensive of a severe *leathering*, and not liking *size-stick*, with which she threatened to measure his head, abandoned his *quarters*, took to his *heels* and *vamped* off without ceremony, leaving his frail gossip to receive from Mrs. Higgins a complete *welting* in black and blue, from which no *craft* could save her; although she sought to conciliate the ire of Mrs. Higgins, by assuring her that her husband was as much to blame as she was.

Mrs. Higgins, satisfied with the ample damages she had taken of her rival, had no notion of proceeding to Doctors' Commons for further revenge; but Mrs. Bradley thought fit to prosecute for the assault.

Mrs. Higgins acknowledged the fact, and was of course subject to a verdict of guilty, and fined one shilling.

For the Port Folio.

POLICE.

MANSION HOUSE—BEFORE THE LORD MAYOR.

Yesterday *thirteen bakers* were summoned before the Lord Mayor, upon a charge of making a false return of the average price of flour last week, namely, at 75s per sack instead of 70s the real average, in order to mislead his lordship in regulating the assize of bread for the week.

The deception was discovered by comparing the return of the bakers with that of the meal-weighers; and the Lord Mayor very properly resolved to punish the attempt. The whole *batch* looked quite *brown* upon the occasion; and on being taxed with their deception, one or two attempted to be *flowery* in pleading their excuse, though for the most part, they seemed rather *mealy-mouthed*. Some appeared quite *soddened*, others affected to *rise* in their consequence; some appeared *flat* as *cakes*, others *fermented* with apprehension, like *yeast*; some looked *sour* as *alum*, and others pale as *dead men*, at the discovery. But the Lord Mayor, with a laudable antipathy to all *rogues in grain*, determined to *work* these gentry, who, full of *old leaven*, no doubt expected to *sack* a round sum by the manœuvre from the industrious poor, who are but too frequently *ground* by such exaction. They were every one fined, and obliged to "come down with their *dust*," at which they seemed con-

foundedly *crusty*. Convinced that this was not the way to butter their *bread*, they all *bolted* together; and, resolving to try their hands at *malt*, since they were so unlucky in *meal*, they *mizzled off* to the next beer-house for a *soak*, determined to *wet their sponges*, and concert some mode of recovering their costs in the *rolls*-office, or the *college of corn doctors in Mark-lane*.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

PARODY.

I *love* that drum's re-echoing sound,
Parading round and round and round,
To me it tells of martial deeds,
Of tented fields and neighing steeds;
Of British standards wide unfurl'd,
Defying still a threatening world;
Of hearts elate, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings we enjoy to guard.

I *love* to hear that cheering drum,
Which strikes the pallid Frenchman dumb;
It calls to mind the glorious blaze
Of Edward's, and of Henry's days;
Of Egypt conquer'd, Acre's height,
And Bonaparte's disgraceful flight:
Still may we hear the gladsome sound,
Till Bonaparté bites the ground.

EXTRACT

From the "Wanderer of Switzerland," a Poem, lately published in England.

A wanderer of Switzerland, advanced in years, accompanied by his wife, his daughter, and her children, emigrated from their country, in consequence of its subjugation by the French in 1793. On their way they stopped at the cottage of a Shepherd, when the following dialogue takes place.

SHEPHERD.

"Wanderer! whither dost thou roam?
Weary Wanderer, old and grey!
Wherefore hast thou left thine home,
In the sunset of thy day?"

WANDERER.

"In the sunset of my day,
Stranger I have lost my home;
Weary, wandering, old, and gray,
Therefore, therefore, do I roam.

"Here mine arms a wife enfold,
Fainting in their weak embrace;
There my daughter's charms behold,
Withering in that widow'd face.

"These their infants,—Oh! their sire,
Worthy of the race of TELL,
In the battle's fiercest fire,
In his country's battle—fell!"

SHEPHERD.

"Switzerland, then, gave thee birth?"

WANDERER.

"Ah,—'twas Switzerland of yore:
But, degraded spot of earth,
Thou art Switzerland no more!

"O'er thy mountains sunk in blood,
Are the waves of ruin hurl'd,
Like the waters of the flood,
Rolling round a buried world."

SHEPHERD.

"Yet will time the deluge stop;
Then may Switzerland be blest;
On St. Gothard's hoary top
Shall the Ark of Freedom rest."

WANDERER.

"No!—Irreparably lost,
On the day that made us slaves,
Freedom's Ark, by tempests tost,
Founder'd in the swallowing waves."

SHEPHERD.

"Welcome, Wanderer, as thou art,
All my blessings to partake;
Yes, thrice welcome to my heart,
For thine injur'd country's sake.

"On the western hills afar,
Evening lingers with delight,
While she views her favorite star,
Bright'ning on the brow of night."

INSCRIPTION FOR A BOWER.

Thou, whom the sacred love of sweet repose
From the vexatious cares of busy life
Hath won, with confidence approach this Bower!
Abstracted from the follies, guilt, and woes,
That haunt too oft the crouded scene of strife,
Here may'st thou pass the calm, the blameless hour,
While dripping rocks their limpid stores distil;
And with a gentle, soul-composing sound,
Into the vale descends the murmuring rill;
And birds their blended song pour thro' the shades around.

HAFIZ.

Of all the terrible tempests that deform the face of nature, and repress human presumption, the sandy tempests of Arabia, once Africa, are the most terrible, and strike the imagination most strongly. To conceive a proper idea of these, we are by no means to suppose them resembling those whirlwinds of dust, that we sometimes see scattering in our air, and sprinkling their contents upon our roads and meadows. The sand storm of Africa exhibits a very different appearance. As the sand, of which the whirlwind is composed, is excessively fine, and almost resembles the parts of water, its motion resembles that of a fluid; and the whole plain seems to float onward, like a slow inundation. The body of sand, thus rolling, is deep enough to bury houses and palaces in its bosom: travellers, who are crossing those extensive deserts, perceive its approach at a distance, and in general have time to avoid it, or turn out of its way, as it generally extends but to a moderate breadth. However, when it is extremely rapid, or very extensive, as sometimes is the case, no swiftness no art can avail; nothing then remains, but to meet death with fortitude, and submit to be buried alive with resignation.

It was the fault of the philosophers of the last age to be more inquisitive after the causes of things than after the things themselves. They seemed to think that a confession of ignorance cancelled their claims to wisdom: they therefore had a solution for every demand. But the present age has grown, if not more inquisitive, at least more modest; and none are now ashamed of that ignorance which labour can neither remedy nor remove.

When I consider, says the pensive Goldsmith, the various vicissitudes of nature; lands swallowed by yawning earthquakes, or overwhelmed in the deep; rivers and lakes disappearing or dried away; mountains levelled into plains, and plains swelling up into mountains; I cannot help regarding this earth as a place of very little stability; as a transient abode of still more transitory beings.

If, says Coleridge, we except Lucretius and Statius, I know not of any Latin poet, ancient or modern, who has equalled Casimer, in boldness of conception, opulence of fancy, or beauty of versification. The odes of this illustrious Jesuit were translated into English, about one hundred and fifty years ago, by a Thomas Hill. I never saw the translation. A few of the odes have been translated, in a very animated manner, by WATTS. I have subjoined an imitation of the third ode of the second book, which, with the exception of the first line, is an effusion of exquisite elegance. In it I am sensible that I have destroyed *the effect of suddenness*, by translating into two stanzas what is one in the original.

The solemn breathing air is ended,
  Cease, O lyre, thy kindred lay;
From the poplar branch suspended,
  Glitter to the eye of day.

On thy wires, hovering, dying,
  Softly sighs the summer wind:
I will slumber careless lying,
  By yon *waterfall* reclin'd.

In the forest, hollow moaning,
  Hark! I hear a deep'ning sound;
Clouds rise thick with heavy low'ring,
  See! the horizon blackens round.

Parent of the soothing measure,
  Let me seize thy wetted string:
Swiftly flies the flatterer, pleasure,
  Headlong ever on the wing.

Cowley sometimes, even when love is his theme, can talk a little like a man of this world.

Well then; I now do plainly see,
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
  The very honey of all earthly joy
  Does of all meats the soonest cloy:
    And they methinks deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The croud, and buz, and murmurings,
    Of this great hive the city.
Ah! yet e'er I descend to the grave,
May I a small house and large garden have;
  And a few friends, and many books, both true,
  Both wise, and both delightful too;
And, since love ne'er will from me flee,
  A mistress moderately fair,
  And good, as guardian angels are,
    Only belov'd, and loving me.

PESTS OF SOCIETY.

There is not a more intolerable nuisance, says Mons. Chevreau, than a false friend. Nothing more formidable than an opulent scoundrel and an avaricious judge. Nothing more disgusting than a dogmatical scholar. Nothing more common than a knavish gamester. Nothing more despicable than a Prince devoid of truth. And nothing more ridiculous than an amorous old woman.

The grumblers in Mr. Pitt's day, because he taxed *Wine*, will surely now be pleased with his successor Petty, since he only taxes *Small Beer*.

A *learned* schoolmaster being lately interrogated by one of his scholars with respect to the etymology of the word *syntax*, replied, after some *sage* consideration, that it received its meaning from the circumstance of the ancients having laid a *tax* on *sin*.

WRITTEN ON A LOOKING-GLASS.

In me, false Thaïs, as you pass,
Your likeness may be seen;
Without, all tinsel, paint, and glass,
All *mercury*—within.

ANECDOTES.

The late John Palmer, whose father was a bill-sticker, and who had occasionally practised in the same humble though hereditary occupation himself, being one day strutting in the Green Room, in a pair of glittering buckles, a gentleman who was present remarked, that they really resembled diamonds. "Sir," said the actor, with some warmth, "I would have you know I never wear any thing except *diamonds*."—"I ask your pardon," replied the gentleman, "I remember the time when you wore nothing but *paste*." This produced a loud laugh, which was heightened by Jack Bannister jogging him on the elbow, and dryly saying, "D—n me, Jack, why don't you *stick him against the wall?*"

When Mr. Wilkes was persecuted in the year 1769, and confined in the King's Bench, General C——informed the K—g, that many presents had been sent to him by his numerous admirers; among the rest a gentleman had sent him forty-five hampers of different wines; on this his M——y punningly observed, that it was not a very friendly office to *hamper* him more than he was already.

A quaker at Bristol was remarkable for never giving a direct answer to any question that was put to him. A gentleman one day laid a considerable wager that he would draw a direct reply from Obadiah to a question that he should put to him. He accordingly went, and met the quaker in the street. "Pray, sir," says he, "is the post come in?" "Dost thee expect any letters?" asked the quaker—So the bet was lost.

To Readers and Correspondents.

"The verses with the signature of SPARTA" are elegant in their versification, but the principles inculcated in them are most abominably infamous. The author, beyond a doubt, is a furious jacobin.

This is a fatal circumstance. This is the "dead fly in the ointment, which causeth the whole to send forth a nauseous savour." The fairest chaplets of the muse cannot adorn the detestable brow of such a character; the corruscations of genius itself serve only to aggravate the horrors of political depravity. The radiance of a mind, thus perniciously exerted, is like the glare of the falchions of Milton's apostate troop.

The *sudden blaze* far round illumines—HELL.

Our tiny friend need not repine at his diminutiveness. His mind is capacious, though his body is small.

My lord CLARENDON tells us, that the celebrated John Hales, of Eaton, was one of the *least men in the kingdom*, and one of the *greatest scholars in Europe*.

From R. who favoured us with a very curious epitaph on an African slave, which was inserted in our tenth number, we shall be happy to hear again.

SELECT POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

ODE TO JEHOVAH.

From the Hebrew of Moses.

In high Jehovah's praise, my strain
Of triumph shall the Chorus lead,
Who plung'd beneath the rolling main,
The horsemen with his vaunted steed.
Dread breaker of our servile chains!
By whom our arm in strength remains,
The scented algum forms thy car:
Our father's God, thy name we raise
Beyond the bounds of mortal praise,
The chieftain and the Lord of war.

Far, in the caverns of the deep,
Their chariots sunk to rise no more,
And Pharaoh's mighty warriors sleep,
Where the Red-sea's huge monsters roar.
Plung'd like a rock amid the wave,
Around their their heads the billows lave,
Down—down the yawning gulf they go:
Dash'd by the high expanded hand
To pieces, on the pointed sand,
That lines the shelving rocks below.

What lambent lightnings round thee gleam,
Thy foes in blackening heaps to strew!
As o'er wide fields of stubble stream
The flames, in undulations blue;
And lo, the waters of the deep
Swell in one enormous heap,
Collected at thy nostrils' breath:
The bosom of the abyss reveal'd,
Wall'd with huge chrystal waves, congeal'd,
Yawns hideous as the gate of death.

"Swift steeds of Egypt, speed your course,
"And swift, ye scythed chariots, roll;
"Not Ocean's bed impedes our force,
"Red vengeance soon shall glut our soul;
"Soon shall the sabre sharp embrue
"Its glimmering edge in gory dew."—
Impatient cried the exulting foe;
When, ponderous as a mass of lead,
They sink, and sudden o'er their head
The bursting waves impetuous flow.

But THOU, in whose sublime abode
Resistless might and mercy dwell,
Our voices, high o'er every God,
To thee the lofty lay shall swell.
Outstretch'd, we saw thy red right-hand,
The earth her solid jaws expand;
Down, down the gulf, alive, they sink,
While we, within the incumbent main,
Beheld the tumbling floods, in vain
Storm on our narrow pathway's brink.

But, far as Fame's shrill notes resound,
With dire dismay the nations hear;
Old Edom's sons, in war renown'd,
And Moab's warriors melt with fear;
The petrifying tale disarms
The might of Canaan's countless swarms;
Appall'd their heroes sink supine;
No mailed bands with thrilling cry
The bannered Hebrew host defy,
That moves to conquer Palestine.

Nor burning sands our course invade,
Where nature's glowing embers lie;
But led by THEE, we safely tread
Beneath the furnace of the sky.
To fields where fertile olives twine
Their branches with the clustering vine,
Soon shalt THOU Jacob's armies bring,
To plant them, by thy mighty hand,
Where the proud towers of Salem stand;
While JAO reigns their warrior king.

Low in the deep's unfathomed caves,
The warrior's rest, of Mazur's land,
Save when the surge, that idly raves,
Heaves their cold corses on the sand.
With courage unappall'd, in vain
They rush'd within the channel'd main;
Their heads the billows folded o'er;
While THOU thy chosen host hast led
Through the green Ocean's coral bed,
To ancient Edom's palmy shore. H.

The memory of the wonderful event which this Hebrew Ode commemorates, according to Diodorus, was long preserved by tradition among the natives of the African shore of the Red Sea. The ancient Hebrew, or rather Arabic names of different mountains or passes on the African and Arabian shores of that sea are still retained, with little variation.

RUNIC ODE.

The Haunting of Havardur.

BY C. LEFTLY, ESQ.

Son of Angrym, warrior bold,
Stay thy travel o'er the wold;
Stop, Havardur, stop thy steed;
Thy death, thy bloody death's decreed.
She, Coronzon's lovely maid,
Whom thy wizard wiles betray'd,
Glides along the darken'd coast,
A frantic, pale, enshrouded ghost.
Where the fisher dries his net,
Rebel waves her body beat;
Seduc'd by thee, she toss'd her form
To the wild fury of the storm.
Know, thou feeble child of dust,
Odin's brave, and Odin's just;
From the Golden Hall I come
To pronounce thy fatal doom;
Never shalt thou pass the scull
Of rich metheglin deep and full:
Late I left the giant throng,
Yelling loud thy funeral song;
Imprecating deep and dread
Curses on thy guilty head.

Soon with Lok, thy tortur'd soul,
Must in boiling billows roll;
Till the God's eternal light
Bursts athwart thy gloom of night;
Till Surtur gallops from afar,
To burn this breathing world of war.
Bold to brave the spear of death,
Heroes hurry o'er the heath:
Hasten to the smoking feast—
Welcome every helmed guest,
Listen hymns of sweet renown,
Battles by thy fathers won;
Frame thy face in wreathed smiles,
Mirth the moodiest mind beguiles.—
Yet I hover always nigh,
Bid thee think,—and bid thee sigh;
Yet I goad thy rankling breast;—
Never, never, shalt thou rest.
What avails thy bossy shield?
What the guard thy gauntlets yield?
What the morion on thy brow?
Or the hauberk's rings below?
If to live in anguish fear,
Danger always threatening near:
Lift on high thy biting mace,
See him glaring in thy face;
Turn—yet meet him, madd'ning, fly,
Curse thy coward soul, and die.
Not upon the field of fight
Hela seals thy lips in night;
A brother, of infernal brood,
Bathes him in thy heart's hot blood;
Twice two hundred vassals bend,
Hail him as their guardian friend;
Mock thee, writhing with the wound,
Bid thee bite the dusty ground;
Leave thee suffering, scorn'd, alone,
To die unpitied and unknown.
Be thy naked carcase strew'd,
To give the famish'd eagles food;
Sea-mews screaming on the shore,
Dip their beaks, and drink thy gore.
Be thy fiend-fir'd spirit borne,
Wreck'd upon the fiery tide,
An age of agony abide.
But soft, the morning-bell beats one,
The glow-worm fades; and, see, the sun
Flashes his torch behind yon hill.
At night, when wearied nature's still,
And horror stalks along the plain,
Remember—we must meet again.

THE GAMEKEEPER'S RETURN AT NIGHT.

BY S. E. BRYDGES, ESQ.

Thro' the long morning have I toil'd
O'er heath and lonely wood,
And cross the dark untrodden glen
The fearful game pursu'd:
But deeper now the gathering clouds
Collect along the sky,
And faint and weary warm my steps
Their homeward course to hie.

And now the driving mist withdraws
Her grey and vapoury veil:
I mark again the sacred tower
I pass'd in yonder dale.
A little while, and I shall gain
Yon hill's laborious height;
And then perhaps my humble cot
Will cheer my grateful sight.

Ah now I see the smoke ascend
From forth the glimmering thatch:
Now my heart beats at every step,
And now I lift the latch;
Now starting from my blazing hearth
My little children bound,
And loud with shrill and clamorous joy
Their happy sire surround.

How sweet when Night first wraps the world
Beneath her sable vest,
To sit beside the crackling fire,
With weary limbs at rest;
And think on all the labours past,
That Morn's bright hours employ'd,
While all, that toil and danger seem'd,
Is now at home enjoy'd.

The wild and fearful distant scene,
Lone covert, whistling storm,
Seem now in Memory's mellowing eye
To wear a softer form;
And while my wand'rings I describe,
As froths the nut-brown ale,
My dame and little list'ning tribe
With wonder hear the tale.

Then soft enchanting slumbers calm,
My heavy eyelids close,
And on my humble bed I sink
To most profound repose;
Save, that by fits, the scenes of day
Come glancing on my sight,
And, touch'd by Fancy's magic wand,
Seem visions of delight.

A QUERY ANSWERED.

"Why, pray, of late do Europe's kings
No jester to their courts admit?
They're grown such stately solemn things,
To bear a joke they think not fit.
But though each court a jester lacks,
To laugh at monarchs to their faces;
Yet all mankind, behind their backs,
Supply the honest jesters' places."

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